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PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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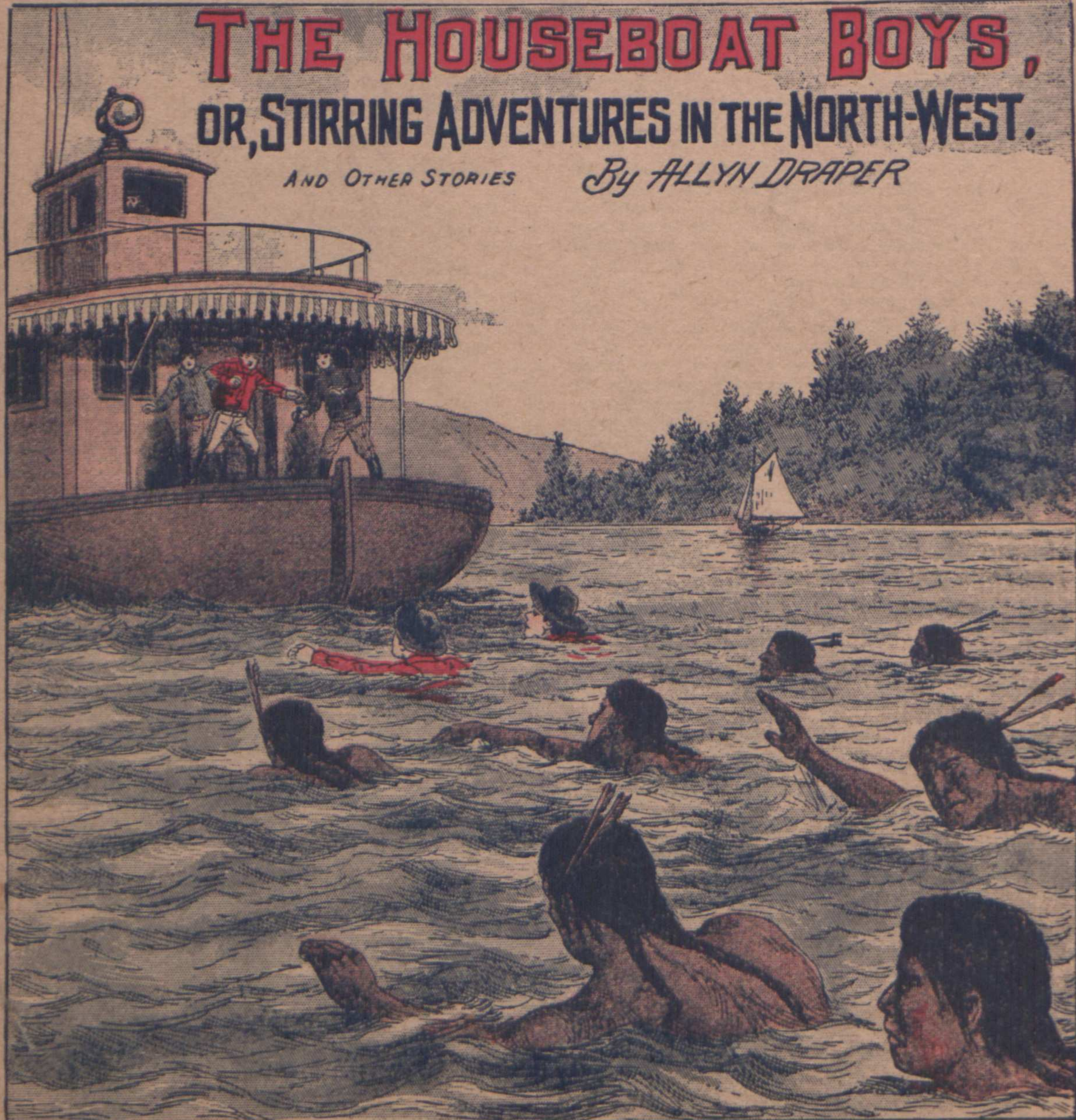
NEW YORK, JULY 2, 1924

Price 8 Cents

THE HOUSEBOAT BOYS, OR, STIRRING ADVENTURES IN THE NORTH-WEST.

AND OTHER STORIES

By ALLYN DRAPER



"Pilot!" cried Tom, to Lacombe. "There's a dozen redskins pursuing two white men, and they are all in the lake swimming. We must take them up." "Ay, sir," and in another minute the houseboat was moving up to the northern point of the island.

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PLUCK AND LUCK

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THE HOUSEBOAT BOYS

OR, STIRRING ADVENTURES IN THE NORTHWEST

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CHAPTER I.—The Excursion Planned.

There were five of them. And they all belonged to the great house of Barnes & Co., of the City of New York. They were all bright, plucky, active and lucky drummers, who had done splendid work for the house during the season just past. The head of the house had just told them that, as a recognition of their good work, they were to have the entire summer to themselves—on full pay. Of course they were happy. They were jubilant, for on full pay for three months, with freedom to go where they wished, they could have no end of fun and adventure. Tom Owens and Joe Smith walked arm in arm to their boarding house when they left the store, congratulating each other on their good fortune.

"We never got but two weeks heretofore," remarked Tom.

"No, nor did we ever do such business before. I tell you, old man, we have employers who appreciate good work."

"That's so. I am going to do my best to earn three months off again next summer."

"So will I. But where shall we go this summer? That's the most important question just now."

"Yes. Well, I don't know. I have not made up my mind where I shall go. But I am going to make the most of it, you may depend on that."

"Ditto, old man. I am going to do my best to get the worth of ninety days' time out of it."

Ben Allen, Arthur Beam and Charlie Swayne were the other three lucky drummers. They were all mere youths, none of them being over twenty-one years of age save Tom Owens, who was twenty-two. Swayne was but nineteen, but his work on the road had been as effective as the best of them. Barnes & Co. believed in the ambition and enthusiasm of youth, and backed up their belief in a very practical way. Ben Allen and Tom Owens were cousins, and it was through the latter that Ben secured his position with the house. Yet, strange to say, they were not good friends. Tom had discovered a lack of good principle in his cousin which had caused him to regret that he had introduced him to the house.

Ben's father was a brother of Tom's mother. The two families had lost sight of each other

for years. Allen moved West when Ben was a small boy, and when the latter came to New York he reported to Tom that his mother was dead—and his father traveling. Both of Tom's parents were dead, and he had been supporting himself since he was sixteen years of age. Somehow or other he never could get Ben to tell him anything about his father or the family, though he was extremely anxious to learn all he could about them. The other drummers of the house—and there were nearly a score of them—had noticed his reticence in regard to himself and his family. All of them frequently spoke in endearing terms of their parents, brothers and sisters. But not a word from Ben. A day or two later Joe Smith said to Tom, as they walked home together:

"The boys are arranging to go off together to spend the summer, and they are counting on us to go with them."

"Where are they going?"

"Somewhere up on Lake Superior, I believe."

"Who proposed it?"

"Your cousin Ben."

"Then I won't go. Ben and I can't get along amicably together, somehow."

"Oh, pshaw! we can't go without you, Tom. There'll be enough of us for you if you and Ben can't agree."

"What is the plan laid out?"

"Why, it is this: Ben was traveling for the house out there last year, you know, and at Mackinaw he saw a boat which he thinks would be the very thing for us to spend the summer in, and, to tell you the truth, I think so too."

"Something in the shape of a houseboat?"

"Yes, a boat of very light draft, forty feet long by twelve wide, on which is built a house of three rooms with a front and rear piazza to it, fitted up with all the conveniences of a cottage. It is run by a small electric engine, and is also lighted by electricity."

"Well, that is a queer sort of a boat, I must say. Who owns it?"

"Ben says that a rich old fellow had it built for his own use, intending to take a party of friends up some of the many rivers which empty into Lake Superior from the North. But the rheumatism struck him just as it was finished, and it has been lying idle ever since. It can be bought or

hired for the summer very cheap, Ben thinks, and if it can I think it would be the best thing we could do. It draws less than two feet of water, which will enable us to go hundreds of miles up into the northern wilds of Canada where no tourists have ever been, for the country above Lake Nipigon is almost a wild, unexplored country."

"I would like very much to go, Joe," said Tom, "but I don't care to go with a party of which Ben Allen is a member."

Joe could not move him, and the next day he told the others, except Allen, why Tom would not go. By accident Ben heard of it, though he did not say anything about it. Charlie Swayne and Arthur Beam added their persuasive powers to the pressure that was brought to bear on the tall, good-looking young drummer, and finally he was persuaded to give his consent to go. Ben telegraphed to Griggs, one of his customers in Mackinaw, to see if the houseboat he had seen there the year before could be hired furnished for the summer for a party of five on a vacation cruise and on what terms. Quite late in the day the reply came that it could be hired, and the terms were so reasonable that a telegram was sent asking Griggs to secure it for the party, who would take possession on the second day of June. That matter being attended to, the party of five made preparations for the summer's trip. Some bought rifles and some shotguns, while no end of fishing tackle was bought up. Ben Allen, as the one who had suggested the excursion and pushed it through, was the busiest one of the party during the ten days left them.

The morning of the first day of June came, and the party of five made their way to the depot to take a west bound train. Quite a party of their friends had assembled to see them off. There was quite a noisy time there when the train moved out. Two days later they arrived at the city of Mackinaw. Mr. Griggs, the merchant, met them at the train and conducted them to the boat which he had secured for them. Ben introduced the party to the merchant, who in turn introduced them to the pilot and steward of the houseboat. The pilot was a French-Canadian, who was a fine electrician and one of the best guides in the Northwest. The steward was a big black caterer who understood his business thoroughly.

"I am glad to be able to say you, young gentlemen," said Griggs, after the introductions had been made, "that no better pilot than Pierre Lacombe can be found in the lake region, not a better steward than Scipio. We all call him Scip. I've known them both for years, and if anything is lost through any fault of theirs you may charge it up to me."

"That's recommendation enough, I am sure," remarked Tom, as he looked at the two men. "Who is to be our captain?"

"Oh, you must elect one of your own party to that position," said the merchant.

Ben Allen sounded three of the party as to their choice of captain, and found that they were in favor of Tom Owens, his cousin.

"I think it unjust to me," he said to them, "because I got up this excursion and——"

"Oh, you are too hot-headed to be captain," said Joe to him. "Besides, you know, Tom wouldn't go if you were captain."

Ben said no more. But in the evening he went

on shore and made his way along the water front till he met a tall man in a cloak in the gateway of a lumber yard. The man in the cloak coughed slightly and Ben turned to him quickly, saying: "Father!"

"Ben!" replied the man, grasping his hand.

They retired behind a huge pile of lumber where the man in the cloak, who was no other than Ben's father, asked:

"Did they all come?"

"Yes, and are on board the boat," Ben replied.

"When do you start, and where do you go?"

"We may start to-morrow afternoon, or the next morning. We have got to buy our supplies to-morrow. I don't know where we shall go, but think we'll go up the Nepigon river to the lake and beyond."

"Who is to be in charge of the boat?"

"They have secured a French-Canadian of the name of Lacombe to be pilot, and Tom will be the captain."

"Tom Owens! Why don't you be captain?"

"Because they all want Tom."

"Well, that makes it bad for us, but we can work it all the same. You can learn how to run the electric engine if you work the pilot right. Just as soon as you have mastered it, we'll throw 'em into the lake and take the boat. Once in our hands we can do our work without hindrance, and move from one locality to another without danger of discovery."

"Where will we meet you?" Ben asked.

"Up on Nepigon Lake. We have a rendezvous up there. Tom won't know me, and you and I will meet as strangers."

"Well, good-by till then," and the precious pair shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER II—Joe Makes a Discovery.

The next day the steward and Joe Smith made out a list of what supplies would be needed for a three months' cruise, and by noon they were purchased and delivered on board. Then they elected Tom Owens captain—even Ben Allen voting for him when he saw that he was to be the choice, and signed the agreement to obey orders. Everything being thus arranged, Tom gave the order to start. The pilot pressed a knob in the circular board on the wall of the front room, near the window, and held to a small wheel to guide by, and the houseboat moved gracefully away from her mooring, where she had rested so long. She turned eastward to make for the Sault Ste. Marie, through which they would have to go to get into Lake Superior.

The houseboat was not very fast, making only about ten miles an hour, which was fast enough for them, however. They reached the narrows and went through it by moonlight, the party sitting in rocking chairs and smoking cigars. A big lake steamer came along, and the boys hailed it with cheers, which were answered by the steamer's crew. Ben was seated in his chair, leaning back, with his feet on another. The rollers made by the steamer caused the boat to make a plunge, and ere he could recover his balance he and the chair went overboard.

"Man overboard!" yelled Joe.

Scip, the steward, had just stepped out on the rear deck, when he heard the alarm. In another moment the chair was almost at his feet in the water. He reached down and grabbed it. Ben had hold of it, too, and in a flash he was drawn up on the deck.

"Good for you, steward," he said to Scip. "I'd have been left but for you."

"Wha' for youse fall in de watah, suh," Scip asked.

"Hanged if I know. Ugh! The water is con-foundedly cold."

Ben went to bed. The others soon followed his example, leaving the pilot in charge, who ran into a small cove near the shore when they had passed through the narrows, and dropped anchor till morning. They were all up with the sun the next morning, and started off for a whole day's run along within sight of shore. It took them three days to make Nepigon Bay, into which the Nepigon river pours its waters. Night came on as they were crossing the bay, and Ben lit up the great electric lamp on the roof of the forward part. As soon as it was dark, for the moon did not rise till ten o'clock, the ducks began to strike the light, blinded by its glare. Whack! came a big duck with the force of a cannon ball, and hit him on the left side of the head, knocking him into the water as neatly as a pugilist could have done it. Charlie happened to be out there and saw the accident. The duck fell dead at his feet as Ben went overboard.

"Great Scott! Stop the boat!" he yelled, and the next moment he went over after him.

The others came running out and looked around. They could not see either of them.

"Throw us a line!" cried Charlie from the water in the rear.

He had found Ben insensible and was trying to hold his head above the water as best he could till help could reach him.

"Lower the rowboat!" cried the pilot, and in a flash Scipio, the black steward, had dropped the rowboat into the water and leaped into it himself.

A few strokes of the oars brought him to them. He dropped the oars and lifted Ben into the boat, leaving Charlie to climb in. Ben was bleeding from the nose and ears from the effect of the blow, and was still unconscious when he was taken on board the houseboat.

"How did it happen?" Tom asked, as he looked at Charlie.

"He stood up on the stool to place the screen over the light, when a duck struck him on the side of the head and knocked him into the water," and Charlie went to the front and found the duck lying there on the floor.

"Here it is," he said.

Ben came to after a while, and wondered what had happened to him. He was told, and then realized that Charlie Swayne had really saved his life. Dry clothes were placed on him, and he was lifted in his berth to sleep off the effects of the blow. When he awoke the next morning the houseboat was anchored at the mouth of the Nepigon river. He had a "head on him," and no mistake. The left side of his head and face was swelled and discolored to a marked degree.

"I am the unlucky one of the party," he said to the pilot, as he surveyed himself in the mirror on the wall of the room.

"It seems so," admitted the pilot, "or else you have a penchant for falling into the water."

The day was spent winding along up the channel, and later in the afternoon they entered Lake Nepigon, a magnificent sheet of water seventy miles long by fifty wide, with many beautiful islands scattered about in it.

"What a splendid body of water!" cried Charlie, as he gazed over the lake toward several little islands.

"Just the place to start out for a little hunt to see what we can scare up."

"I think we better go over to yonder white beach and make fast to a stake in the sand," said the pilot, and they made for that point.

The bow of the houseboat soon struck the white sandy beach, and the pilot sprang ashore and proceeded to drive a stake deep down into the sand, to which he tied the boat. Next day Tom asked Scip to place an armchair out on the beach under the shade of a tree for him, and he took a book and went there to read. All had left the boat for their hunt on shore save Scip. Tom had been reading about two hours when he heard something behind him. He was just going to look around to see what it was when the great hairy arms of a black bear encircled him and the chair, accompanied by a growl. He yelled:

"Help! Help! Scip! Oh, mercy!"

The bear held him in the chair, but the chair saved him from having his ribs crushed. Tom struggled hard to get away and the bear struggled harder to hold him. In the struggle the chair was overturned and all rolled on the sand together. The bear released his hold to get a better one, perhaps, when he saw Scip coming with a carving knife in his hand. He rose on his hind feet to receive him.

"Go way dar! Shoo!" yelled Scip, who appeared to be more anxious to see him run away than attack him.

"Kill him, Scip!" cried Tom, getting on his feet.

The bear made for Tom, and Scip rushed up and gave him about ten inches of cold steel between the ribs. Then, with a fierce growl, bruin turned on the steward and tried to hug him in his rib-crushing arms. The last thrust touched him in a vital spot, and the effect was instantaneous. He turned and tried to make his escape to the woods, but fell dead ere he had gone ten paces.

"Whoop! dat b'ar's my meat!" cried Scip, in great glee, for he had not received a single scratch. As for Tom, he had been worse scared than hurt.

CHAPTER III—The Villains of the Woods.

When the others came back a few hours later they were surprised to see a dead bear on the beach. It was a species of game that each had been wanting to lay claim to as the first to secure it, and now the steward had won the prize. Joe went on board and sat down to write in his notebook whilst the others were washing up after the hunt. He was in the habit of doing so, hence no one thought anything of it at the time. But when he had finished writing he tore out the leaf and put it in his pocket. When he got the chance to do so he slipped it into Tom's hand, with the whispered injunction to

"Read and say nothing."

"Tom was surprised, and when he found himself alone, he read what Joe had written:

"Whilst going through the woods I heard a signal," he read, "and at once hid in a clump of bushes. I saw Ben Allen going in the direction of the signal, but don't know that he heard it. But in a few minutes I saw him meet a tall man in hunter's garb partly behind a tree, and shake hands with him. They exchanged a few words, and then parted. The man hurried away, and Ben seemed to be intent on getting a shot at a squirrel up in the tree. When I joined him I remarked that somebody had been there, and pointed to the tracks on the ground. 'No,' he said, 'those are my tracks, I guess.' I knew they were not, and he said nothing to me about having met anybody in the woods. What does it mean?"

Tom was dumfounded.

"I can't imagine what it means," he said to himself as he crushed the paper in his hand. "I know that he is capable of any villainy, but can't imagine how he can be plotting any villainy away up here in the woods. Yet he has met and shaken hands with a man he knew up here. Did he know anybody up here before he came? Has he ever been here before? He is a strange sort of a fellow and thoroughly dishonest. But who was the man? I must try to find out, though I'd never be able to get anything out of him. But hereafter I shall order the houseboat to anchor in deep water every night so as to prevent any surprise of any kind."

That evening he whispered to the pilot:

"Anchor out in deep water two hundred yards from shore for the night and keep watch till midnight. I'll relieve you then."

The pilot was surprised, and asked:

"Is anything wrong?"

"Yes," said Tom. "But don't say a word."

The move was made much to the surprise of the others.

"Why, what's this for?" Joe asked.

"We have been anchored here to the shore all the time," replied Tom, "and bears, wildcats or robbers could have come aboard without any trouble."

That night about one o'clock a party of men, six in number, armed to the teeth, came softly through the woods to the beach where the houseboat had been anchored.

"By all that's holy!" gasped the leader in low tones. "They have moved out from the shore."

"We might get our boats and go out to them," suggested one of the six.

"And every man of us get shot down. They suspect something, and would have a watch set. There are five Winchesters on board that craft."

"Then our game is up."

"Yes, for to-night, at least."

A few muttered curses escaped them, and they turned away into the deep black shadow of the woods again. They marched in single file for some distance, and then a dark lantern was produced by one of them, who led the way for a mile or so to a camp in the deep recesses of the woods.

"Well, what's to be done now?" one of the men asked as he sat down under a rude shelter which had been made of cut bushes.

"Well, the first thing is to find out what caused

them to move out to deep water. I can find out all about it when I see the boy again."

"But when can you see him?"

"I guess he'll come ashore some time to-morrow. He says that they have nearly a thousand dollars cash between them; and that the furniture and supplies on board are worth another thousand, and the boat itself would bring at least \$5,000. We've got to get this boat, as we can't find any hiding place in the States now where we can do our work with any degree of safety."

The men seemed, to all intents and purposes, to be a party of hunters up there in the woods for the game to be found there. But they were, in fact, a band of counterfeiters, and Ben Allen's father was the head of the gang.

They rolled in their blankets under the temporary shelter which had been erected near the fire, and courted sleep for the rest of the night. Let us now return to the houseboat and note occurrences there the next morning after the discovery made by Joe in the woods. When they were seated at the breakfast table the next morning, Ben Allen proposed that they go out on a bear hunt that day.

"Where shall we go?" Charlie Swayne asked.

"Why in the woods out there. Bears go in pairs at this season of the year and the one Scip killed left a mate somewhere you may depend."

They finally agreed to go on shore for a grand bear hunt. Only Tom would remain on board with Scip and the pilot. He was not feeling well enough yet to go out gunning. The houseboat moved up to the beach again and let Ben, Charlie and Arthur go ashore with their rifles. Tom had whispered to Joe to keep an eye on Ben. Out in the woods Ben proposed that they scatter and beat about till the bear should be flushed. A yell would then bring the others to the spot. Joe, however, instead of beating about for bear kept an eye on Ben Allen, and dodged about the bushes to keep Ben from seeing him. By that means he kept him in sight, but lost sight of Charlie and Arthur. The two latter went deep into the woods, and hunted about in quest of bear, believing that one was lurking about somewhere in the vicinity. Suddenly they saw a fine buck bounding by, as if excited over something. They both leveled their guns at him and fired. The buck fell in his tracks and the two boys gave a shout of triumph over their good luck. Running forward to see the prize, they both remembered Tom's experience with one of the species, and to make sure that he could do no mischief they each gave him another bullet in his head.

"That settles him!" cried Charlie.

"Ugh! Why white man shoot Injun's deer!" asked an Indian, stepping out of a clump of bushes with a smoking rifle in his hand.

They were both taken aback by his sudden and unexpected appearance. But Charlie was a game boy, so he answered:

"He is our deer. We both shot him."

"Uh! Injun's deer. White man no have 'im," said the redskin.

"We are going to have our share of him," said Charlie in a determined sort of way.

"Yes," said Arthur, "we have as much right to him as you have, and we think but just to divide him."

"White man heap big liar," said the Indian.

giving a signal which was answered from the depths of the woods.

A minute or two later four other Indians appeared and attempted to surround the two boys.

"Halt!" cried Charlie, leveling his rifle at one of them. "Get back or I'll fire!"

CHAPTER IV—Charlie and Arthur Are Captured

The Indians recoiled from before the Winchester. But they were two to one, and the black looks on their faces showed that they were not going to give up their claim to the deer. Indeed, it looked as if they were going to begin shooting when two white men, looking like border hunters, came through the bushes.

"Hello!" exclaimed one of them, as if greatly astonished at the situation. "What's the matter? Say, lower your arms, pard, and don't go to shooting, or there won't be a white man left in this region in a week. What's the trouble, anyhow?"

The Indians grunted, but made no answer.

"The trouble is this," said Charlie, lowering his rifle. "My comrade and I shot this deer as he came by us. It seems that one of the Indians shot him, too, at the same time, from the other side, though we did not hear the report of his gun. We found a bullet wound on the side that was to him, however, and were willing to divide the deer with him, and—"

"That's fair enough," said the other white man.

"Yes, but he claimed the whole carcass. I never saw an Indian before in my life, but am not afraid of all the redskins in the woods. I am going to have my share of that deer or fight."

"See here, friend," said the hunter, going up to Charlie and speaking to him in low tones. "These redskins are portions of old Spotted Tail's tribe of Sioux who took refuge in Canada a few years ago when the boys in blue crowded them too close. They are putting up their winter's supply of meat, so their hunting parties are scattered all over this section. To raise a row with them would cause the loss of our scalps. Let them have the carcass and you take the antlers as your share."

Charlie thought he would do it as it would be a trophy—and he knew that the meat was not needed on the houseboat.

"All right," he said. "Tell 'em to leave me the horns."

"That's all right, Redskins," said the hunter turning to the Indians, "the young hunter says you can have the meat if you will leave him the horns."

"Ugh! He is wise," said one of the Indians.

"Yes, he is wise and brave, too," remarked the hunter.

The head was cut off and left on the ground for him. The Indians scowled at him and Arthur as they went away with the carcass.

Charlie then asked: "How long have you been here?"

"Some two or three weeks. How long have you been here?"

"About two weeks. There's five of us, with pilot and steward to take care of our boat. We live on the boat, which is now on the lake. What luck have you had in hunting?"

"Best in the world—have shot more deer and bear this season than ever before."

Just then they heard footsteps coming toward them, and a moment or two later Ben Allen and another hunter appeared.

Ben seemed utterly dumfounded at seeing Charlie and Arthur there.

"I—I—I got lost!" he said, by way of explanation.

"The deuce you did!" said Charlie.

"Yes, and happened to meet this gentleman in the woods. He is showing me the way back to the lake."

"Well, these two gentlemen have done us a good service too," said Charlie. "We were going to have a fight with four Indians when he interfered to prevent it," and he then explained the whole affair to him.

"Where is Joe?" asked Ben, looking around for him.

"We haven't seen him since we separated up by the lake," said Arthur. "We supposed he was with you."

"I became separated from him soon after I left you."

"He must have gone back to the boat if he did not get lost," remarked Charlie. "I think we had better go back there, too," and he took hold of the deer's horns to take them along with him.

They were too heavy for him, and Arthur took hold to assist him.

"Let me carry your rifles for you," said Ben, taking Charlie's and Arthur's guns, as if to carry them with his own.

"Thanks," said Charlie. "We'll get on very well now."

"Let me have them," said the tall hunter, taking them from Ben.

"Now hold up your hands!" cried one of the hunters in stern tones.

Charlie wheeled around and found that the rifles were leveled at himself and Arthur. Ben held up his hands, though no weapon was aimed at him, and cried out:

"Don't shoot!"

"Hold up your hands!" hissed the tall hunter to Charlie again, "or I'll send a bullet through you."

He held up his hands. So did Arthur. They were searched, robbed and disarmed—all three.

"What does this mean?" Arthur asked.

The leader laughed and said:

"What do you think it means, young man?"

"I think it means that you are a villainous set of cowardly robbers!" blurted out Charlie.

"Hush, Charlie!" said Ben. "We are in their power, and it does no good to provoke them."

"Just let me get the chance, and I'll give them provocation enough!" retorted Charlie. "It's bad enough to be robbed of the deer by the Indians. That was to have been expected, but to be thus robbed by white men, is more than I can forgive."

"Well, don't forgive us till we beg pardon," said the tall leader of the gang. "But if you want to keep your head from being cracked you'd better keep a civil tongue."

Their hands were bound behind them, and then connected by one cord by which they were led through the woods a mile or two to a rude camp, where there were three hunters—or robbers as Charlie knew them to be. There they

were told to sit down on a log if they wished to, and they did so. The three men at the camp were told what had been done, and then a whispered conversation took place among them.

"Yes," said the leader. "We'll go a little before dark. Dan can take care of them till we come back."

Charlie heard the remark and looked at the man he heard them call by that name. He thought he saw some sort of a signal pass between him and Ben, but was not sure. By and by as the day waned he saw that they were making preparations to move from the camp. They took Ben and bound him more securely than before.

"See here, young man," the leader said to him as he tied the cords that bound his arms to his sides, "you are to go with us, and if you try to escape or give us any trouble, we'll fill you full of holes."

They all left save Dan and the two prisoners. Ben was taken along as a prisoner, and in a few minutes they were out of sight and hearing of Charlie and Arthur.

CHAPTER V—Joe Goes to the Rescue.

Let us now return to Joe Smith, who had taken upon himself the task of keeping an eye on the movements of Ben Allen. The reader will recollect that soon after leaving the beach the little party of four decided to beat about through the woods in hopes of flushing the mate of the bear which had been killed the day before. Each was anxious to kill a bear and take the skin home with him as a trophy. Charlie and Arthur went in one direction, and Ben and Joe in another. Ben soon moved away with Joe, telling him he would make a circle and meet him further off in the woods. Joe agreed, and as soon as Ben was well started he began to dodge about in the bushes so as to keep him in sight. It was not a difficult thing to do by any means, and he managed to keep him in sight, and as he made a straight line through the woods he heard him making signals, as if to attract the attention of someone. By and by he heard an answering signal, and Ben came to a full stop under a big tree. Joe stopped, too, in a clump of bushes and waited to see what would next happen. In a few minutes he saw the hunter with him. They were too far off for him to hear what passed between them; for he judged that Ben was making some sort of an explanation to the hunter. They talked there some time and then moved off through the woods in the direction of three or four shots, which seemed away off on the right.

Joe was now keen to follow and keep an eye on them, and he never lost sight of them for a single moment. They trudged along through the woods till somewhere about a mile had been traveled, when they suddenly came upon the Indians and Charlie, who were disputing about the deer which had been shot. He was strongly tempted to level his Winchester at the Indians and fire on them. But he finally decided to wait and see the end of it. He saw the Indians cut off the buck's head and go away with the carcass, leaving the antlers with Charlie and Arthur. Then when he saw the hunters turn upon and seize them, he was again almost tempted to fire.

But again he desisted, only to follow them to camp and watch them from a clump of bushes. Nothing they did escaped him, and when he saw all but one go off, taking Ben along with them, he suspected that they were going to make an attack on the houseboat.

He waited half an hour and was about to cover Dan with his rifle and march in on him when two redskins appeared.

"What you do with prisoners?" one of them asked of Dan.

"They are bad boys," said Dan.

"Ugh! Bad white boys make bad white mans," said one of them, going up to Charlie and laying a hand on his head.

"Nice scalp!" said the other, placing his hand on Arthur's head, taking a good grip on his hair, and pulling his head around roughly.

Bound as he was Arthur gave him a kick on the shin that made the redskin leap aside as if a rattlesnake had struck him. Then he went at him again and got a handful of hair. The other was amusing himself with Charlie in the same way.

"Don't cry," said one of them. "Injun no hurt little boy," and he gave a savage jerk that caused Charlie to leap to his feet and kick with all his power.

That was too much for Joe. He couldn't stand there and see that go on. He raised his rifle and took deliberate aim at the Indian who had his hand in Charlie's hair, and pulled the trigger. The redskin sank down to the ground without knowing what hurt him. Just three seconds later the other one followed his example. The white robber sprang for a tree but caught a bullet in his neck, and down he went. Joe sprang forward, and when they saw him they both exclaimed:

"It's Joe!"

"Yes—come quick! We must get away from here!" and he cut them loose.

Dan was groaning in an agony of pain.

"Serves you right," said Charlie as he stood over him.

"Come, we must get away from here as quick as we can!" said Joe, and they hurried away, leaving Dan to die where he had fallen.

But after they had gone a mile or so, Charlie asked:

"Where have the others gone, do you think?"

"They have gone to see if they can't capture the houseboat."

"Ah! I was suspicious of that myself!" said Charlie. "But I guess Tom is on the lookout."

"He is. He suspects Ben. That's why he anchored out in deep water last night, and for the same reason I followed him to-day. But we must keep quiet now. It won't do to run upon them unexpectedly."

"Do you know where we are?" Arthur asked, looking around.

"No; but I know we are going in the right way to strike the lake."

In half an hour they struck it and saw the houseboat riding peacefully at anchor some two hundred yards out from the beach, a half mile below them.

"Tom is all right," said Joe, as he glanced at the boat.

"Yes, so he is," said Charlie. "But if we get Ben in our power again we ought to hang him

on shore, and leave him there for the crows to pick."

"Don't let him suspect that you know anything, or he may set the boat on fire, or do something else equally as dangerous. But keep silent now, and follow me in the bushes down the shore. Maybe we can get sight of them somewhere."

They crept along the shore, keeping well in the bushes, peering about in every direction for Ben and the five men with him. After a while they saw Ben Allen go out on the beach in full view of the houseboat and sing out:

"Hello, Tom! Come ashore and let me go on board!"

Tom appeared on deck and answered him:

"Where are the others?"

"They are coming."

"Well, wait till they come. There's no use in making two trips."

"What in thunder is the matter with you, Tom Owens? You act as if you had a bad dream and were afraid of your shadow."

"No, but I want to see Joe and Charlie and Arthur there before I order the boat ashore."

"The deuce. Do you mean to keep me waiting here till they show up?"

"Yes. You should all have kept together for safety and mutual protection."

Knowing that the five robbers were hidden back there in the woods somewhere, Joe set himself to the task of locating them. It didn't take him very long to find them. They were hidden where they could fire on Tom and the pilot the moment the boat should touch the sand on the beach. By and by Ben went back into the woods to consult with them. They talked in whispers for some time and were about to make a move of some kind, when a new enemy came upon the field in the person of a band of Indians, who had followed their trail from the camp when they found two of their warriors dead. By some mistake they had struck the trail of Ben and the robbers instead of that of Charlie and his two comrades, and had followed it like sleuth-hounds. When they saw them they made a rush, and, their fierce yells making the welkin ring, captured Ben and the five robbers.

They marched them away into the woods, and Joe followed them at least a quarter of a mile to make sure that they were going away from the locality. When he returned to Charlie and Arthur he said to them:

"We have made a narrow escape; they might have struck our trail instead of theirs. Let's get on board as quick as we can; they may find out their mistake and come back."

They left the bushes and went down to the water's edge and hailed the houseboat. Tom answered them.

"I'll send the small boat for you!" and a minute or so later they saw Scip rowing toward them in the rowboat.

"Whar dem Injuns?" Scip asked as the boat struck the sand.

"Back in the woods here," said Joe, "and they are laying for your scalp, old man."

Scip felt of his wool and shook his head.

"Dat wool am growed dar," he said, and then pulled away with all his might, and in a few minutes they were once more on board the houseboat.

CHAPTER VI—The Reward of Treachery.

"What's the trouble out there?" Tom asked, as soon as they were on board.

"Why, old Nick is loose, and slinging hot pitch around with a vengeance," replied Charlie.

During the evening Joe told them all what he had seen Ben do, and they knew then that he was a traitor from the beginning. Scip gave them a good supper, and they ate like men who were hungry enough to eat anything. Joe was the hero of the hour. Charlie and Arthur took an account of the hair that was still left on their heads, and decided that Joe had interfered just in time to save them from premature baldness. Let us now return to Ben Allen, and follow him as a prisoner in the hands of the Indians. Of course soon after he left the camp with the robbers he was released by them and given his own rifle again. His own father, the famous counterfeiter, was the leader of the gang, and as they marched under the trees they planned how they would proceed to get control of the boat.

Ben was to go to the water's edge and call for the boat to come for him. The robbers were then to make a rush from the bushes and capture it, killing anyone resisting. But we have seen how Tom was too suspicious of him, and when the villains were consulting over the situation the Indians pounced upon them and made them prisoners, but how they came to be mixed up in it he could not understand. The Indians took them back to the camp and showed them the dead warriors. Runners were sent out to call in the other hunting parties, in order to decide what should be done with the prisoners. All night long the six men remained under a strong guard, and the redskins looked as if a very slight provocation would suffice to make them burn the whole batch of them at the stake.

The night passed, and when the morning came most of the hunting parties came in. Every redskin seemed to have a scowl on his face as he glared at the prisoners. At noon the council was held. It was a short one, for it did not take them long to decide that two of the prisoners must die for the two braves who had been killed. But they decided that they should be taken to the village home of the two dead warriors that their friends and relatives should see that justice had been done. The chief informed Demas Allen of the decision.

"You only want two of us," said Allen. "Which of the six will you take home with you?"

"Take all. Council will say who must die when we get there."

Again he protested, but the old chief was not to be moved. A strong guard was placed over them and they were marched to a camp several miles farther up the lake. When evening came on again a summer thunderstorm came up. The heavy peals of thunder and weird flashes of lightning, coupled with the fierce wind that blew through the forest, awed the Indians, who sat with bowed heads in their tents. Suddenly the lightning struck a big tree near the tent in which sat the chief and several of his braves, stunning them and greatly demoralizing the others. A few moments later a limb came flying through the air and struck the two guards at the pris-

oners' tent, knocking them down. The tent was blown from its fastenings, and left the prisoners exposed to the pitiless storm. Ben saw a chance to escape and made a break for the nearest clump of bushes, followed by his father. The next moment a yell from one of the braves told that they were discovered, and they dashed away with all the speed they could command.

CHAPTER VII.—The Strange Sail and the Rescue.

On board the houseboat Tom Owens and the others waited and watched, knowing that vigilance was the one thing necessary to their safety.

"It won't do for us to go near the shore just at present," he said to Joe just after supper. "They might make a rush upon us when we would not be quite ready to receive them."

"Those are my sentiments!" cried Charlie, snapping him on the back. "I've had an Indian's hands in my hair, but he's dead. I think we can take care of ourselves if we don't let 'em catch us napping."

The day passed, during which time they did not see or hear anyone on shore. Night came on again, and Tom fearing that some kind of an attempt might be made to board the boat during the night, ordered the pilot to run up the lake about ten miles. A storm came up a little later. The pilot ran her up the lake, and dropped anchor behind a little island about a mile from the shore. The dense growth of trees on the island broke the force of the wind, enabling the boat to anchor safely through the storm. It raged all night and was very destructive. Hundreds of trees were broken and the waves lashed the other side of the island with savage fury.

But when morning came the bosom of the lake was like a sea of glass, and the sun rose bright and clear. Charlie and Joe went ashore on the island and found it to be only a few acres in extent, with a great abundance of berries growing on it.

"Hello!" cried Joe, stopping and shading his eyes with his hands. "There's two men on the shore over there."

"So there are," and Charlie also shaded his eyes with his hands and gazed at them.

"Run back to the boat and get the spyglass."

Charlie did as asked, and Joe waved a handkerchief at the two strangers as he stood there on the beach and waited. They waved their hands at him, and ran up and down the shore as if excited. In a little while Charlie came back accompanied by Arthur and Tom. The latter had the boat's spyglass, and he leveled it at them.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "It's Ben and a tall man in hunter's garb!"

"Let me look at em," said Joe, taking the glass and looking through it.

One, two, three minutes passed, and then he said:

"The other man is the one I saw Ben talking with in the woods."

"Sure of that?"

"Yes."

"Let me look," and Charlie took a squint at them.

"Yes—he's the leader of the gang who captured us," he said. "I can see his face plainly."

"They are calling to us with their hands, as if they dared not raise their voices," said Tom.

"Well, we don't want 'em on board the houseboat," Tom remarked, with a good deal of emphasis.

"No. Ben is as treacherous as any hyena I ever heard of."

"Hello! Here comes a small sailboat!" cried Arthur, who was looking up the lake.

Tom turned the glass in that direction, and found four men in it. The two men on the beach saw the sailboat at the same time, and ran up the shore to get within hailing distance of it as soon as possible.

"Hanged if I don't think they know that boat!"

"Yes, it looks like it. Great Scott! Look there! There go a dozen redskins after them! They have taken to the water! So have the Indians! I say, Tom! Let's stand by our color even if they are unworthy!"

"Pilot!" said Tom to Lacombe, "there's a dozen redskins pursuing two white men and they are all in the lake swimming. We must take 'em up."

"Ay, sir," and in another minute the houseboat was moving up to the northern point of the island to make for the two men in the water.

The boat hastened forward and Tom stood on the forward deck and kept the glass leveled at them. They were more than a mile away, but that distance was soon cut down and they came within hailing distance of them.

"Is that you, Ben?" Tom asked.

"Yes," came back from the water. "For mercy's sake kill those redskins!"

"Who is that man with you?"

"A hunter I met in the woods. He saved my life."

By this time the boat had reached them, and they were pulled on board—Ben and his father. The Indians were not more than fifty yards away. The two foremost ones had stopped swimming to let the others come up with him.

"Shoot 'em!" cried Ben. "Shoot 'em! They tried to kill me," and he seized a gun to fire at them.

"Put down that gun!" ordered Tom. "I am not going to provoke them into any acts of violence."

"Who are you, sir?" and Tom turned to the tall hunter who had come on board with Ben.

That individual looked around at Charlie and Arthur, and said:

"I am a hunter. I have always been on good terms with the Indians. I saw two of your friends here the other day on the point of provoking a fight with them over the carcass of a deer which both sides claimed, and had to interfere to prevent trouble and——"

"Hold on!" said Tom. "I must see that they have nothing to complain of on our part," and he turned toward the Indians in the water, and asked:

"Will the redman come on board my boat and let us take him ashore?"

"Ugh! White man heap bad!" said one of them, looking back at him.

"We are the friends of the redmen, and would shake hands with him."

"All white mans bad," said the Indian.

Tom told the pilot to run up alongside of them, and when he had done so, he said:

"If the redman will come on board we will give him food and drink, and show him that we are his friends and not his enemies."

"Injun swim," was all the reply they would give him, and they swam away, leaving the two men they had pursued so tenaciously to the mercies of the houseboat people.

"Who are those parties in that sailboat?" Tom asked of the tall hunter as the strange boat bore down upon them.

"They are friends of mine who have been hunting at the upper end of the lake."

"Well, I don't want any friends of your on board this boat. They must stand off or we'll fire on them."

"Why, what's the matter with you, Tom Owens?" exclaimed Ben. "This man saved my life."

"Ben Allen, you treacherous hound!" said Tom, "we understand your game from the beginning. You betrayed Charlie and Arthur to your friends, the robbers, and you can blame yourself for what is to follow."

Ben turned pale. Tom continued:

"You will leave this boat and go with this stranger on board that sailboat, or on shore again. You can't remain with us."

"You mean to rob me, and——"

"Don't you say a word about robbery. You were seen to meet this man in the woods twice, shake hands with him, and then went away with him, only to turn up in time to see him and his friends capture Charlie and Arthur. Joe trailed you each time, and it was him who rescued them."

Ben was crushed. He could make no reply.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Traitor is Driven Out.

The sailboat had now come up to within hailing distance of the houseboat, when the leader of the robbers hailed it with:

"Stop where you are, and we'll come on board!"

"Is that you, Allen?" came from the boat.

"Yes. We are coming aboard in a few minutes."

"What boat is that?"

"A pleasure party from the States."

The rowboat was lowered, and Demas Allen got into it.

"I won't go," said Ben. "They have no right to——"

"You get into that boat!" hissed Tom, drawing his revolver, "or I'll send a bullet through you!"

Ben glared at him a moment or two, and then decided to go. He saw murder in Tom's eyes, and thought it would be safer to take chances with the other party, so he got into the boat, saying:

"You'll see me again, Tom Owens, before you leave this lake."

In a few minutes they were with the party in the sailboat. The rowboat was then pushed off and left adrift for the houseboat to pick up again. In the meantime the Indians were on the beach watching the proceedings on the water. They

seemed to be not a little excited over something, and, after giving a yell, which the pilot declared to be a warwhoop, disappeared in the woods. The sailboat went on down the lake, and was soon hidden from view behind an island.

"Well, we have gotten rid of that crowd at last," said Tom.

"Yes," put in Joe, "and somehow it seems to me as if we had escaped a great peril."

The houseboat made its way up through the most beautiful lake in the world, winding around numerous islands, till they struck the extreme northern point. There they stopped, and made a survey of the scenery. On the left, a couple of miles away, was an island, one side of which seemed to rise out of the water perpendicularly more than one hundred feet.

"That's a strange island," said Joe; gazing at it in deep interest for some minutes.

"Yes, so I think," added Charlie. "Let's go over there and see it, Tom."

Tom ordered the pilot to go over there, and a near approach to the island revealed the fact that the perpendicular side they had noticed was a wall of solid rock.

"Go round it," ordered Tom, and the boat kept on its course.

It was nearly a mile in circumference. On the south side was a beach of white sand for a quarter of a mile, with heavy timber back of it. Tom was looking at the island very closely, as he was quite well pleased with it, when he saw a small cove, covering a few acres in extent.

"What a beautiful little harbor," he exclaimed.

"Just what I was going to say," said Charlie.

"Let's go in there and try our luck at fishing."

They moved in and cast anchor in fifteen feet of water, not fifty feet from the shore. But ere they cast a hook they saw tracks on shore and other evidences of habitation.

"Look out, boys! We may be running into somebody's den."

"If anyone will go with me," said Joe, "I'll go all over the island and find out if anybody is living on it."

"I'll go with you," said Charlie.

"You stay here and be captain, Charlie," said Tom. "I want to take a little exercise myself."

"All right."

They shouldered their rifles and went ashore, following a well-beaten path up the incline toward the center of the island. Up near the centre was a depression of nearly thirty feet, making a basin of some two or more acres in extent. In the centre of the basin stood a log cabin—a double log cabin—and under a big beech tree near the door were rude rustic seats.

"That is the work of white men," said Tom.

"No Indian that I ever read of built a log cabin."

They went down the path till they came to the door. It was locked with a padlock.

"Nobody at home."

"No, but the occupants left here this very morning," said Joe.

"Then it must be that the sailboat we met carried them away."

"Yes, I think so."

"So do I. Now, what are they secreted away up here for?"

"That's more than I know, but I am going to find out, though my own uncle is one of them."

"How will you do that?" Joe asked.

"I don't know, but I am going to find out at all hazards. Let's go back to the boat. I want to think up a plan."

They made their way back to the boat, when Tom immediately ordered a move to an island a half mile off—opposite the cove.

CHAPER IX.—Tom Saves a Life and Makes a Discovery.

When they reached the little island opposite the cove the houseboat went round behind it and cast anchor.

"Now, Charlie, go up to the highest point there and make you a good seat, or take a chair with you and watch for two hours for any kind of a boat that lands on the island we have just left. At the end of the two hours I'll relieve you. I'm going to stop here till I find out who is using that log cabin over there, and find out what they are doing."

Charlie took a chair along with him, and soon found a shady place where he settled himself down to watch the island in front of him. He had not been there a half hour ere Lacombe, the pilot, said to Tom:

"I hear a moose calling his mate, on the mainland over there."

"Indeed! That's the biggest game in America. Do you know the voice of the moose?"

"Yes. Don't you hear it?"

Tom listened a few minutes.

"Yes, it's a bull calling to its mate. They call to each other even five miles apart."

"I am going to have a moose hunt," said Tom. "Joe, run up and tell Charlie he can have undisputed command of this island the balance of the day—that we will come back at sunset."

Joe ran off, and was gone about twenty minutes, when he came back, and said that it was all right.

"Come aboard, then, and we'll be off for the mainland at once."

They started for the mainland, which was some three miles away, and reached it near where a creek emptied into the lake. The place was marshy and the growth very dense. But they made a landing.

"Keep very quiet," said the pilot, "and try to put a bullet in his brain. Otherwise he is very hard to kill."

Tom, Joe, and Arthur went into the woods together, and followed the creek guided by the strange noises made by the moose. In a little while they heard similar noises on their left. Then they stopped and listened. They soon saw that they were between the pair, and that they were coming together.

"Keep quiet, and we may get them both," whispered Tom.

A full grown moose, fully eight feet high, came suddenly upon them. His size was so enormous that they were almost paralyzed with fear. But they all three raised their Wnchesters and fired. The bull gave a tremendous bellow, and wheeled to run. But the bullets stopped him, and he went

down. He was so close to them when they fired that two bullets went clear through his head. They ran up to get a nearer view of the monster beast, and saw him kicking in his death agonies. That he might not spring up and attack them, as the deer did with Tom on one occasion, they gave him another volley which settled him forever.

"He is a monster," cried Tom.

"What shall we do with him. We can't carry his horns back to the boat, for they weigh a hundred and fifty pounds if an ounce."

Crack! A rifle shot on their left startled them, followed by a fierce growl and evidence of a combat.

"What in thunder does that mean?" Joe asked.

Tom did not stop to listen or ask questions. He dashed forward, and ere he had gone one hundred yards saw a young Indian engaged in a life and death struggle with a big black bear. The bear had got the hug on the Indian and was rushing the life out of him when Tom ran up placed the muzzle of his gun against the bear's head and pulled the trigger. The bear tumbled over and the young redskin hunter was saved.

"Ugh! Bear kill Injun," said the Indian, unable to stand on his feet.

"The bear is dead and the Indian is saved," said Tom, kneeling by him and holding his head up.

It was some minutes ere he spoke again, and not then till Arthur produced a small flask of brandy and poured some down his throat. They spent half an hour with him and then had to take him with them to the boat, where they laid him on the deck with a pillow under his head. The promise of a five dollar bill stimulated Scip to such a degree that he accompanied Joe and Arthur back where the dead moose lay, and brought in the immense antlers. Then they went back to the island where Charlie had been left on watch. Joe went up to relieve him as soon as the boat reached the shore.

Joe sat down in the chair and prepared to rest and take it easy, whilst Charlie went down to the shore where Tom and the others were. The young Indian whose life Tom had saved was very grateful to them. He said he was the son of the chief of the tribe, and that his name was Elk Horn. He was about twenty-four years of age, and finely formed, active and athletic. He spoke English very well, and seemed very much pleased at the way they treated him. On the third day he said he would return to the mainland and go back to his camp. At the same time Arthur came running down the hill to say that a sailboat with six men in it had entered the little cove opposite.

"Bad white mans," said the young chief.

"Do you know them, Elk Horn?" Tom asked.

"Yes. They live in cabin over an island, and won't let anyone come there."

"What do they do there?"

He shook his head as if he did not know. They then shook hands with him, gave him presents and sent him ashore in the rowboat with Joe and Scip. That evening Tom, Joe and Scip went over to the island to make an inspection of the place under cover of darkness. Scip was to remain in the boat till Tom and Joe should go up to the cabin and see what they could find out. Tom and Joe crept up to the rear of the cabin and listened.

They heard the voices of several men talking inside. It took them but a few minutes to learn that they were counterfeiters of American money. They were talking about how Ben, as a traveling salesman, could flood the country with the bills, which were so near perfect that none of the banks had, as yet, dropped to it.

"When we get that houseboat we can move the shop on board of it, and not have to come away up here to get a supply of the stuff."

It was Demas Allen who spoke.

"When we get it make Cousin Tom walk the plank, father," said Ben.

"I shall not fail to do that," said the father.

Tom and Joe came away, confident that they had at last got at the bottom of Ben Allen's treachery to the party. His father was the head of a gang of counterfeiters, and he was to act as engineer of the boat till he could teach another how to do so, and then go on the road as a drummer and flood the country with the bills.

On reaching the boat they told the others what they had found out. They were very much surprised, but glad that they had got at the motives that had prompted such deeds. When morning came they moved boldly out in full view of the island, but did not pretend to notice them. But they knew the counterfeiters were watching them.

They entered the river that was the source of the lake, and proceeded up stream in quest of game. One evening while they were at supper they heard noises, as of somebody springing on board. But ere they could rise up and look at their arms, the front room was full filled with Indians, who leveled rifles at them.

"Ugh! Indian kill, if white mans fight!" said the chief of the band.

"We won't fight, chief," said Tom, very coolly. "We didn't know you had declared war against the whites."

"White mans make war first," said the redskin stalking forward, raising a murderous looking knife as if to stab Tom Owens.

CHAPTER X.—A Night of Suspense and Suffering.

It was a capture without the firing of a shot, and that, too, after all the vigilance of the past two or three weeks. Tom was almost overcome with regret that he didn't fight and died in defense of the boat, as he really would as soon be killed as turned adrift way up there in that wild region. They soon made the discovery that they had been surprised and by six Indians.

"And there are six of us!" he thought to himself.

It was now too late. They were disarmed, and any attempt at resistance would result in slaughter and nothing more.

"Ugh! White mans must be tied," said the chief, a big ferocious looking fellow.

They were tied and made to lie down on the floor in the rear room, where a guard with a revolver was stationed to keep watch over them. Scip was the maddest man of the lot, when he saw them plundering the boat. One of the Indians seemed to know where everything was,

much to the surprise of the prisoners. They got at the brandy, which had been brought along for use in case of need, and drank freely of it. Then they found the cigars and made free with them, as well as the money each man had.

"They will clean us out," said Joe with a sigh.

"Dat's er fac'," said Scip. "Good Lor', ef I git up dar an' butt um I'll kill some ob 'em, shuah."

"Keep quiet," said om. "What can a man do with his hands tied behind his back?"

"Dat's er fac'," and Scip heaved a big sigh as he rolled over on his side.

By and by the chief came in where they were and said:

"Black man git up an' cook Injun supper."

"G'way dar!" said Scip. "I ain't er gwine ter cook yer no supper."

The chief drew a murderous looking knife and cut the cords that bound Scip's hands behind him, saying:

"Cook supper for Injun, or your scalp come off."

"Go on and cook supper for them, Scip," said Tom. "What's the use of bringing more trouble on yourself?"

Scip got up and went into the kitchen, where an Indian stood around with a revolver, watching every movement he made. The redskins were drinking brandy all the time and some of them now began to grow quite boisterous. One of them went to the pilot's post and began to examine the arrangements as if he knew something about them. Suddenly the boat started up the stream.

"Where are we going?" the chief asked, in a very sudden manner.

"Up the river a bit."

"Better turn around and go down to the island."

Tom and Joe glared at each other. There was something familiar to them in the voices of the two Indians, which they could not account for. The brandy was working on them, and they began to get more noisy. Suddenly the Indian at the pilot's place said the river was too narrow for him to turn round in.

"Then tie up to the bank till morning," said the chief.

It was soon done, and then the six sat down to the table and ate a hearty supper. Tom and his three mates and the pilot in the rear room could hear them, but could not make out what they were saying. The supper over the chief came into the room where the prisoners were and said:

"White man must go—Injun want boat."

"Do you mean to say that we must go on shore?" Tom asked.

"Yes—go in woods."

"You will give us weapons so we can kill game to live on?"

"Ugh! Injun no fool. White mans shoot Injun."

Tom was too honest to deny that he would shoot him if he got but half a chance. They were made to get up and go ashore—all save the steward, whom they wanted to keep, it seems. Out in the woods, not fifty feet from where the boat lay, they were each tied to a tree and left there. But an hour later one of them came out and brought a lantern, so he could see their faces. He held it up to their faces and looked at them closely till he came to Tom.

"Blast your red skin!" hissed Tom, raising his foot and giving him a terrific kick in the stomach. "If my hands were loose I'd break every bone in your body!"

The kick was a hard one, and had landed on a spot that made the redskin sick. He groaned as he pulled himself together and rose to his feet.

"Ugh! me kill white man!" and he drew a knife and lunged at Tom's breast till the hilt pressed against his bosom.

Then he turned and hurried away to the boat, taking the lantern with him.

"My goodness, Tom!" exclaimed Joe, "did he stab you?"

"Yes, but it's only a flesh wound. I twisted to the right and the blade grazed my rib. He thought he had done me."

"It's painful, though."

"Yes, but I am not dead yet. Oh, goodness! Why do such wretches live?"

"They'll do us before they leave us," said Charlie.

"Yes," said Arthur. "They have tied us here to burn us," and he groaned way down in his shoes.

"Tom, I don't believe they are Indians," said Joe, after a pause.

"Why not?"

"Because their voices sound like white men's to me."

"I thought so too, when we were in the boat."

"No Indian knows anything about that electric machinery, and yet one of them seems to know all about it. That fellow who stabbed you is Ben Allen."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Tom, "I believe you are right."

"It can't be," said Arthur.

"That chief is very tall," said Tom. "He is Demas Allen, as sure as we are tied here."

"Oh, if I could just get loose and get at them!" Charlie was dumfounded.

He could scarcely believe what he had heard.

"White men are worse than Indians," he said, after a pause.

"Yes, worse than the tigers of the jungle or sharks of the sea," said Tom.

The hours passed and midnight came. The revelers on board the houseboat kept up the debauch, and Tom, who was weak from loss of blood, said to Joe:

"This thing may kill me before daylight. I have hopes, though, that Scip may be able to come and cut us loose after a while."

"He will if he can," said Lacombe, the pilot. "He is true as steel. But I hope it is not so bad with you, captain."

"I am hurt and bleeding. My shoes is full of blood, and I feel myself growing weak all the time."

"Don't give up, Tom," said Joe. "Scip will come to us if he gets the chance."

"I don't think he knows what they have done with us."

Time passed on, and when daylight came they were all quiet on the boat. The Indians—if such they were—had tied Scip hands and feet again, and lay down to sleep. Tom had become insensible and fallen against the root of the tree.

"My goodness!" groaned Joe. "Tom is dead!" Charlie called him several times.

"Tom! Tom! Tom!"

He did not answer.

"The wretch has killed him!" he exclaimed. "If I escape alive I'll avenge him even if I have to follow this murderer around the world!"

"So will I!" put in Arthur, bursting into tears.

"Hush!" said Joe. "Don't talk so loud. They may hear you."

In the gray dawn they saw a solitary Indian coming through the forest. He was going toward the boat. Joe recognized him at once as Elk Horn, the young chief whose life Tom had saved the day the moose was killed.

"Elk Horn!" he called in low tones and the young Indian stopped and looked around.

"Come here, Elk Horn!" He went up to Joe and recognized him at a glance.

"Ugh! Who tied my white brothers up?" he asked.

"Cut us loose, and I'll tell you all!"

He cut them loose quickly. Then Joe ran to Tom, and found that he was not dead. He cut him loose, and laid him in a more comfortable position, after which he explained to the young chief what had happened, and who they were who had captured the houseboat. The young brave's eyes flashed, and he wanted to go on board and kill them all in their sleep.

"They have a guard, perhaps," said Joe, "and he would shoot you down the moment he saw you. Have you any of your people near by?"

"Yes—a mile away."

"Go and bring them here—quick."

The young redman darted away like a deer, and then Joe and the pilot took Tom and bore him away from the dangerous locality, to a safer place deeper in the woods. A half hour later a band of ten Indians came back with Elk Horn, and stood ready to go at any moment to fight for the friends of their young chief. But Joe and Lacombe were too busy then in attending to Tom. The pilot was really a good physician. He seemed to know just what to do, and lost no time in doing it, and the result was that the patient came to and asked for a drink of water. It was given to him, and he then said he felt better.

"Arthur, you stay here with him till we come back," said Joe, as he rose to his feet and looked around at the Indians.

One of them had a brace of revolvers and he let him have one. Then they started off to the boat. On the way Joe cautioned them not to hurt the black man. When they reached the boat they were challenged by the man on guard. Joe fired at him. He fell on the deck, and then the rush was made. The others were in bed. But they sprang up and showed fight, and in a moment or two a death struggle was going on in the front of the boat.

CHAPTER XI.—The Capture of the Counterfeiter

On entering the boat one of the first things Charlie did was to release Scip, the black steward, who was bound hand and foot.

"Old man, we are all on deck again," he said to him as he cut him loose.

With a yell Scip bounded to his feet and made a

dash for one of the men who had been especially cruel to him. He had no weapon in his hand, so he ran at him headforemost and butted him with the force of a battering ram, knocking him insensible. The man went down like a dog.

"Whoop! Look out dar!" he yelled, and another, the chief of the bogus Indians, went down all in a heap with the breath knocked out of him.

The fight then ended, for two of the six being killed, the other four were seized and held whereupon Joe and Charlie set up a wild shout of triumph, in which they were joined by Elk Horn and his braves. Then black Scip had to give a whoop which awoke all the echoes of the forest.

"Tie 'em hard and fast, Scip," said Joe, turning to the cook. "Tie 'em hard and fast."

Scip began on Demas Allen, and tied his hands behind him, drawing the cord so hard that he turned savagely, and said:

"Let that out some, you black sinner!" and then he kicked him on his shin.

"Give it to him, Scip!" cried Joe. "Give it to him. Butt him to death if you want to."

This encouraged him, and in less than two minutes Scip had butted him into insensibility.

"That'll do, Scip," called out Joe. "Just give this gay young Indian a few butts for good luck."

Scip went at him.

"Oh, mercy! You'll kill me!" groaned the wretch.

"That'll do," said Joe. "Tie up the others, now."

"Yes, sah, but I'se gwine ter gib 'em some butts too," and with that he gave each of the others a few butts that made them feel very sick.

"Now put the boat to rights, Scip, and we'll bring Tom on board again."

Then they went out after Tom.

"We have got the boat again," Joe exclaimed, "and two of the villains are dead!"

"Thank goodness for that!" said Tom.

Then Joe, at the request of Tom, took command of the boat. He at once ordered a good breakfast to be cooked for Elk Horn and his braves, and Scip never cooked a meal with more pleasure in his life. Each and all thanked the young chief for the aid he had given them. Joe then made the presents of the arms of the counterfeiters, having no use for them, and the redskins were very grateful for them. The young chief and his braves remained with them till noon, and then left, leaving them in full possession of all they had recovered with the recapture of the boat. Then Joe turned to the pilot and said:

"We had better go on up the river, I guess."

"But what shall we do with the two dead men cut on the forward deck there?"

"Throw 'em into the water and let the turtles have 'em. I won't order any man to take the trouble to bury them."

They were thrown overboard, and were washed away by the current. The four prisoners were tied so securely that no apprehensions of their escape were felt by anyone on board. Ben and his father had come to and presented a terrible picture. Their faces were so bruised and swollen that no one could have recognized them. Ben's nose was broken and his facial beauty destroyed forever. Joe looked at him and shuddered, for he imagined how he must have suffered.

Ben groaned as if in great agony from the pain of his bruises. But he got no sympathy whatever from any of them. At last he asked Charlie to come to him, as he had something to say to him. Charlie went to him, and he said:

"I've something to tell you, Charlie, and as you saved my life once I ought to tell you, as——"

"Did I save your life once?" Charlie asked.

"Yes, you jumped into the water and saved me when I was knocked overboard."

"Ah! and you tied me to a tree and left me there in the woods all night."

"I couldn't help myself. Had I refused I'd have been shot. Take me into another room and I'll tell you something that will——"

"If you tell anything I'll be the death of you!" hissed Demas Allen, who was lying on the floor within three feet of him.

"I am not going to tell anything that you are interested in," returned Ben.

"Well, stop your talking, anyhow."

"I won't do it. I am going to say what I please."

"Well, say it where you are. What do you want to go to another room for?"

"Because it's a private matter between Charlie and me."

Charlie was somewhat surprised, and said:

"I'll see Joe about it."

He told Joe, and the latter said:

"I guess the treacherous hound wants to make a confession and make a bargain to save himself. Take him into the next room and see what he has to say."

Scip assisted him into the next room, and there, as he lay on the floor, he made the statement that his father was the leader of a gang of very successful counterfeiters, and that if he were let go he'd give them all the information in his possession, where the work was done and who the men were who had been sent out to distribute the bills.

"We already have all those points," said Charlie, "except the names of those who distribute the bills."

Ben seemed stunned.

"Yes," said Charlie, "we know all about the business that has been carried on by the gang. We have been to the cabin on the island where the work has been done. You can't give us anything new at all, except the names of the men who have been distributing the bills. We don't care anything for them as long as we have the heads of the business. Cut the heads off and that ends it."

Ben was utterly broken up and didn't know what to say. He groaned, and Charlie remarked:

"So you see you cannot even have the pleasure of betraying your own father."

CHAPTER XII.—Cast Away.

To say that Ben Allen was utterly hopeless in his despair would be but a mild way of putting it. He knew that he could not get any sympathy from one of the party on the score of personal friendship, and he had seized the opportunity to save himself by the offer to betray his father and his confederates. Joe and Tom were told

what he had said, and they both advised that he be put back with the other prisoners, and that the prisoners be told what he had offered to do.

It was done, and then Charlie told Demas Allen that his hopeful son had offered to betray him. A howl of rage and a storm of imprecations followed the announcement.

"Ten thousand furies seize him!" cried Demas Allen. "Let me get at him! Untie my hands and leave him to me and I'll relieve you of any further care of him!"

"Well, I don't know but what I'll do that," said Charlie. "If you will all hang each other it would relieve us very much."

"I'll kill 'im, the wretch!" hissed the father, trying to get at him. "I'll end him here and now if you will only untie my hands!"

"Yes," said another one of the prisoners. "Kill the traitor!"

"Untie my hands! Just untie one hand. That will be enough!" and the enraged father grew perfectly crazy in his wrath.

Ben trembled from head to foot, and turned an appealing glance to Charlie for protection.

"Keep cool," said Charlie. "We will let you eat each other up in good time. Ben offered to betray you, but I did not give him a chance to do so, as we already knew, with but little exception, all he could tell us. We have been to the cabin on the island, and know all about the counterfeiting business."

"You lie!" hissed the counterfeiter. "You never saw us on any island in your life!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon. We saw all six of you in the cabin at night and heard you talk over your plans. You were to move the shop on board this boat and carry on the business as you floated from point to point on the lakes. I hardly think you will do quite so much business in the future as in the past. We didn't come up here for the purpose of giving you any trouble. We didn't know you were even in existence. Ben's treason has done it all—and your attempts to get control of the boat. Ben studied hard to learn how to run the boat ere you made your first attempt."

During the time Charlie was talking Demas Allen was a picture to look at. His face was swollen almost out of shape from contact with the hard head of Scip. Added to that was a terrible fear that seemed to take control of him.

"It's all a lie!" he hissed, when Charlie had finished.

"But that won't save you. We have other proofs."

"What are they?"

"Never mind. We have enough to hang you, and that's as much as we want."

Joe came into the room and listened. He laughed as he heard the denials.

"If it is not true, why did you want to kill Ben for trying to betray you?" he asked.

He made no answer. Tom's wound was a painful one and healed slowly. The pilot dressed it twice a day and used healing salve with the skill of a good physician. Ben's knife was intended to pierce his heart, but had grazed the rib and thus he escaped. The wound laid him up several days, after which he began to move about the boat. He would not speak to Ben, though the latter tried to talk with him several times. The

boat had now gone up into the lake that was believed to be the source of the Nepigon Lake and river. It was a wild region, teeming with game, but with, perhaps, not a single hut on the entire shore of the lake. The air was fine and bracing, and Tom rapidly recovered from his wound, under the skillful treatment of the pilot, and the nutritious cooking of the steward. The day they entered the lake a storm came up, and when night settled down upon them it had increased in such fury that the anchor was dragged till the cable parted. Then it went away in the darkness, and the pilot, to avoid the wreck, could only head her against the wind and hold her there.

"She will go down, I fear," said the pilot to Tom.

"In mercy's name, untie us, and let us have a chance for our lives!" pleaded one of the men who lay bound on the floor.

"Cut 'em loose, Scip," ordered Tom, and the steward did so.

"Now go aft and remain there," said Tom. "Every man must do the best he can to save himself."

In less than ten minutes after they were released the boat struck and careened one-third over. With a howl of terror the prisoners went into the water. A moment or two later the boat regained her balance and seemed to settle on a smooth beach, as they could not hear any breaking or grating sounds. The pilot kept the wheel going, so that when a wave lifted the boat he could get a little off, and at least succeeded in drifting along the beach till the wind took them away altogether. Soon the storm ceased. The wind died out suddenly, and the lake being too small to make very large billows, became quiet in a very little while.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Tom; "we have been relieved of those fellows. But what become of them, I'd like to know."

"That's more than I can tell," said Joe, nor could the pilot give any logical solution of the problem. But when sunrise came they saw an island some four or five miles behind them.

"We struck the beach on the southern end of that island," said the pilot, looking through the glass.

"How do you know that?" Tom asked.

"Because I can't account for our escape from destruction in any other way," he replied.

"Well, our prisoners may be on that island then?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, let's find out if it's true."

They turned and sailed to the lower point of the island, which proved to be a quarter of a mile long by about two hundred yards in width, and saw two of the men standing together under a tree. Tom leveled a glass at them and looked on in silence for nearly two minutes, and then said:

"It's Uncle Demas and one of his villains."

"I wonder where the other two are?" said Joe. Tom shook his head.

"Well, let's leave them there. The island is nearly ten miles from the mainland, and they'll have a sweet time getting away. The only way with which to build a raft, so unless some wandering Indian takes them off they may find it a prison for many months or years."

"Good! Leave them there. Show them our heels, pilot."

The houseboat turned away and began increasing the distance between her and the island, while four men were seen to run down to the water's edge, fall on their knees and raise their hands above their heads.

When the houseboat careened the night of the storm the four prisoners, who had been bound, rushed aft and plunged overboard. They were in shallow water, and this enabled them to wade ashore. The houseboat drifted off into the darkness. The next morning they saw the houseboat approaching the island.

The villains wanted to be taken off the island, and they realized the only way in which it could be accomplished was by signaling the houseboat and try to make terms with the boys to take them to the mainland. But the houseboat went right on past, and did not heed their signals.

The next thing that entered their mind was to build a raft and make for the mainland. There was a fallen tree near them at the time.

"How can we make a raft? We have no tools," said Ben.

CHAPTER XIII—The Hard Luck of the Villains.

Ben's question did not dampen the enthusiasm of his father in the least. On the contrary, it merely incited him to say:

"You can't be supposed to know everything, though you have an idea that you do. We can burn that tree into four logs of about ten feet length each, roll them down to the beach, lash them together with grapevines, and there's our raft."

"Whoop! Hooray! Hooray!" yelled the other two men, catching the idea at once. "We can work that without any trouble."

"So we can," admitted Ben. "It is a good idea—a very good idea. But how are we going to make it go?"

"Pole it as far as we can and then use poles for oars."

"So we can. Let's build the fire at once."

They went to work at once making fires at the proper places to burn the tree into proper lengths.

One kept watch all the time to keep the fire within bounds, whilst the others hunted for and prepared grapevines for the purpose of lashing the logs together in the water. Of course all that took time, and the work was necessarily slow and tedious. But they worked like beavers, and at the end of a week they were engaged in lashing the logs together with the grapevines. When it was finished they went duck egg hunting, and laid in a supply of 200 or more, which they spent another day in roasting in the hot ashes. A coat was spread on the raft, the eggs laid on it, and then they were ready to start. Each had a pole about thirty feet long, with which he propelled the raft by placing one end of it on the sandy bottom and pushing against it. They were soon out in deep water. Then they had to use them as oars, and their progress was necessarily slow. But they worked hard.

"This is slow work," said one of the men, stopping to wipe the perspiration from his face.

"So it is," said Demas Allen. "But we are half

a mile nearer the island than when we started."

Night came on when they were about a mile from the island. They laid down on the raft to rest and sleep, leaving one of their number to keep watch. During the night quite a breeze sprang up and blew them within a mile of the shore by sunrise.

"Whew! we'll land some time to-day," said Demas, as he looked longingly at the green forest.

"I hear a dog barking over there," said Ben, a half hour later.

"They are wolves," said one of the men.

"Wolves?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'd rather stay on the raft," said Ben, "than land while we have no weapons."

"We can cut stout sticks to use as clubs," remarked his father.

"They are poor weapons to use against a dozen or more wolves."

"Wolves are never as bold in attacking man in the summer as in the winter time. They are probably chasing a deer or attacking a bear. They would run from us, I think."

Ben was not satisfied, but he did not say so. The truth is he was afraid of his father since he had witnessed an exhibition of his temper when angry. It took nearly all the second day to make the land, and when they did they were so glad they shook hands all round, and prepared to tramp it down the river from the lower end of the lake.

"Where are we going from here?" one of them asked.

"Why to the cabin on the island in Nepigon Lake, where we can get arms and tools with which to build another boat if we can't find ours."

"Then why not pole this raft down the river to the island? We may need the thing when we get there."

"That is a good idea," said Demas. "We'll do that," and they went back on the raft and used the poles to propel it along in shallow water.

They were polling along the shore toward the outlet of the lake when they heard a voice in the woods sing out:

"Allen! Allen!" and the next moment a man, bare-headed and half-naked, plunged into the water and swam toward the raft.

"Who the deuce can it be?" muttered Demas Allen, as he glared at the man.

"Why, it's Hyde!" exclaimed one of the men, recognizing him.

"So it is! Where are the rest of the boys, Hyde?"

"Goodness only knows!" replied the man, climbing upon the raft. "They must be dead by this time, as the redskins were preparing to burn them when I got away."

"Burn them!"

"Yes. They were going to burn all of us when I gave 'em the slip. They are on my trail, so you'd better push off and get out of range of their rifles before they see us."

"Ten thousand maledictions on the luck!" hissed Allen. "We must get back from the shore, then."

"Yes, and lose no time at it," said Hyde, lying down on the raft utterly exhausted.

They seized their poles again and worked hard to push the floating raft out from the shore. At that place the shallow water extended out a good

distance, and they were then enabled to go quite fast. But ere they were out of rifle range Ben saw the forms of several Indians on the beach.

"There they are!" he said, pointing at them.

Hyde raised up on his elbow and looked at them.

"Yes, they are there," he said, "push away. They have no boat."

"White man stop, or Injun shoot," they heard the redskin say.

They made no answer, and one of them fired. The bullet struck Demas Allen and dropped on the raft—a spent ball. But it hurt worse than if it had gone through him. He uttered an oath and rubbed the spot with vigor.

"My, but it hurts!" he gasped.

"Well, it won't kill," said Hyde.

"But it hurts, though."

Crack! went another one and Ben uttered a yell of pain. The bullet had tapped him on the hip. Crack! He jumped and howled again. The ball had struck him on the knee of the other leg.

"Get away from here, quick," he cried, "or we'll all be killed!"

Everyone was hit, the redmen wading out till the water reached to their waists. The five raftsmen made the air sulphurous with their profanity as they danced and rubbed the sore spots made by the spent bullets. At last they were out of range of the rifles, and rested for a while.

"What shall we do?" Ben groaned, rubbing himself in half a dozen places. "If we enter the river they will kill us."

"Go to that island out there," said Hyde, pointing to the island from which they had just escaped.

"Why, we have just come from there," said one of the men.

"Then you know whether or not we can be safe over there?"

"Safe enough, but it's hard living there. Nothing but ducks' eggs to eat."

"Have the redskins declared war?" Demas asked.

"They have against us."

"Aren't they satisfied with what they have done?"

"No. They are like wolves. When they once get a taste of blood they never know when they have enough."

"Then we'll have to go back to the island and wait till they go home. We have no arms with which to defend ourselves," and they took up the poles again and worked like beavers to regain the island as soon as possible.

CHAPTER XIV.—The Siege of the Cabin.

On leaving the counterfeiters to their fate on the island, Tom Owens and his companions turned toward the outlet of the lake, and put on the full force of the electric engine. The houseboat made good speed and entered the river in the afternoon of that day.

"I think we have left them where they will be likely to stay some time," remarked Joe, as they sat down to dinner that day.

"Yes," replied Tom. "But they will be able to build a raft and reach the mainland after a while."

They entered Lake Nepigon again and made for the little harbor on the island coast, which place they reached at sunset. After a refreshing sleep the boys arose the next morning and partook of a sumptuous breakfast of fish and game, which Scip had prepared in the highest style of his art. Then they smoked and prepared to pay a visit to the cabin. All four of them went, leaving the pilot and steward in charge of the boat. When they reached the top of the hill they were amazed at seeing a bearded man sitting in front of the cabin door. The man sprang to his feet, stared at the newcomers and then darted into the cabin, and shut the heavy oaken door with a slam that could have been heard across the island. Tom stopped and gazed at the cabin as if undecided what to do.

"There's only one there," said Joe.

"I am not sure of that," replied Tom.

"If there had been any more they would have come to the door before closing it," remarked Joe. "Let's go down there and parley with him."

They started down the hill together, but ere they were within one hundred yards of the cabin a rifle was thrust through a small round port-hole and fired. The bullet went through Joe's hat and knocked it off.

"What are you shooting at me for!" Joe sung out.

"If you don't want to get shot at go away?" answered a voice from the cabin.

"What right have you to order anybody away?" Tom asked.

"The right of this good rifle," was the reply.

"Well, we've got rifles, too," replied Joe, springing behind a tree.

Tom and the others followed his example just as another shot from the cabin sent a bullet so close to Arthur's head as to cut a lock of hair from it.

"Let's leave one on the watch farther back up the hill, and the rest of us retire to the boat to arrange a plan to get him out."

"I'll watch till noon," said Joe.

The others then returned to the boat, where Tom told the pilot and steward what the situation was. The pilot was interested. He was also a man of resources to a marked degree.

"Let me look at the cabin," he said, "and maybe I can help you."

"Go ahead," said Tom, and he sprang ashore, ran up the hill and gazed at the cabin down in the little valley for about a half-hour.

At the end of that time he came back.

"Well, what can we do to break up that den?" Tom asked.

"Burn the cabin," he said.

"But the man inside will shoot some of us if we try that game on him."

"When it grows dark I can pour oil all over the corners of the cabin and touch a match to it," said the pilot.

"You think so?"

"Ay, and make a big bonfire of it."

"Well, we'll do that."

The pilot had two five-gallon cans of kerosene oil on board. He poured two gallons into a tin pail, and put a tin dipper in it. Then he set it under some bushes and waited for night to come on.

It was a very dark night. They had to go slow. They all went ashore but the steward, who was instructed to run the boat out into deep water, and wait there for them to call him back. The pilot crept down the hill with the pail of kerosene, whilst the four stationed themselves on four sides, out of the light, and awaited developments. When the pilot reached the cabin he took a dipperful of the oil, and reaching up as high as he could, poured it over the projecting ends of the logs at each corner. Then he poured many dippersful along the logs at the sides and ends, the odor of the oil filling the air. Finally he went to the south end of the cabin, against which the wind was blowing, and dashed the balance of the oil all over it. That done, he struck a match and touched off the oil. It caught, and the next moment he dashed into the bushes with the dipper and pail and joined Joe, who happened to be on that side.

The flames spread quickly, and in less than two minutes the cabin was almost completely enveloped, lighting up the entire valley with a red glare.

"Shoot the man if he doesn't throw down his gun!" cried Tom, loud enough for the man inside to hear him. They all stood in readiness to obey, whilst the flames roared and crackled over the roof of the cabin.

CHAPTER XV.—Capture of the Cabin.

They redoubled their vigilance, and at last saw him run out of the door, a dense volume of smoke following him. He had no gun with him, but had a package in his hand, which was tied up in a cloth.

"I surrender!" he cried, and started toward Joe, who was the first one he saw.

He passed through a clump of bushes, and when he came out on the other side he had gotten rid of the package. Nobody seemed to notice it, but the pilot, who went into the bushes and looked around for it. His foot struck against it and he took it up. It was a small package, but quite heavy. He put it in his pail and said nothing about it. Tom and the others came up.

"Were you in there alone?" he asked of the man.

"Yes, I was alone," was the reply.

"What is your name?"

"Bowen."

"What are you doing at present?"

"I am doing nothing at present."

They led him to the boat after securely tying him, and made him secure during the night. Just then Lacombe, the pilot, produced the counterfeit plate of a ten-dollar bill, United States currency, and asked:

"Did you ever see this before?"

The man turned white as a sheet as he saw it. But he was game and answered:

"No; what of it?"

"It's the plate of a counterfeit ten-dollar note."

"It is? I never saw one before," and he gazed at it. "Where did you get it?"

"I found it in the bushes, where you dropped it."

"I never dropped it. You must be mistaken."

Tom and the others then recollected seeing him

come out of the cabin with the package, but in the excitement of the moment had forgotten all about it. They each examined it, and felt glad of the fact that they had secured it.

"I never saw it before," said the prisoner.

"Of course you don't expect us to believe that," said Tom.

They then searched him and found about \$20,000 of good money on him. They knew that it was good money because the bills were all old and on as many as twenty different banks in the States.

"Oh, you have been distributing bogus bills and came back for more, I see," said Tom. "How is it you didn't drop this money in the bushes with the plate?"

"I didn't drop the plate at all. That money is mine; you will have to turn it over to the court when you give me in charge, and when I am discharged the money will be returned to me."

"That's all right," said Joe.

They put a guard over him in the rear room, and went into the front room to talk over the matter. They slept through the night, taking turns at watching, and then after breakfasting the next morning went over to examine the ruins of the cabin. Scip and the steward remained in charge of the boat and prisoner.

When they reached the cabin they found among the ruins a printing press and other tools necessary to carry on the business which had thus been broken up. But there was nothing for them to take away with them, so they came back to the boat. They then decided to cruise around the island in quest of the boat in which Bowen had come up to the island, as he would not say anything about it himself.

The pilot then proceeded to go around the island, keeping close inshore so they could search for the boat. All the time there was a faint smile on the face of the prisoner, which widened into a broad grin when they returned to the cove without having seen anything of a boat of any kind. Then they brought Bowen out and asked him where his boat was, but he refused to tell.

They led him out on the beach, and Joe and Charlie held him up between them whilst Scip ran at him head foremost. Just before Scip reached him Bowen twisted around in such a way as to bring Charlie in the way of the woolly head, and he caught it full in the stomach. Charlie went down in a heap, the sickest man ever seen, and a heartless, mocking laugh burst from the prisoner.

"Da Lor' goshermighty!" exclaimed Scip, on seeing the mischief that had been done. "Lemme hab dat villun!" and he ran up to him, grabbed him with both hands, and began butting him with all the fury of a mad ram.

Such was the butting Scip gave Bowen that he was seen to topple, then fall down—dead. After burying the dead counterfeiter they decided to move over on the west side of the lake.

Then they proceeded on their way. At one of the islands which they passed Elk Horn's encampment was seen. Later on they returned to the island and visited Elk Horn's village. The chief led them to the Indian huts and introduced them to his tribe. There were a number of pretty Indian girls there. One was the sister of Elk

Horn. Her name was Lalla, and she was very much interested in the young palefaces, especially in Tom. An Indian girl named Millimuch took quite a shine to Joe.

One day Joe, Charlie and Arthur were over on the mainland hunting. They had killed a bear and two cubs, and were carrying the cubs home. As they were walking two white men emerged from some bushes. They were hatless and ragged, and looked hungry and haggard. They were Demas and Ben Allen, father and son, who had escaped from their companions and the island in the upper lake, and were on their way down to Lake Superior. They were half-starved, but still determined and vindictive in their hatred of Tom Owens, whom they charged with being the author of all their misfortunes.

Having secured the hams they hurried away with them, and did not stop till they had placed a good ten miles distance between them and the young men whom they hated so cordially.

The three young hunters returned to the lake shore and signalled to the pilot of the houseboat to come for them. A few minutes later the boat touched the beach and they got on board.

That evening they presented the carcasses of the cubs to the two Indian maidens, who accepted them with joy, such things being considered rare gifts among them.

One day Joe said to Tom:

"Do you know that your life is in danger here?"

"No—how is it?"

"That tall young redskin they call Red Fox is in love with Lalla, and I have seen him make some desperate grimaces when he saw you and her together. She is in love with you and can't help showing it. That fellow will shoot you in the woods if he gets the chance, I am sure."

Tom knew that one of the girls was dead in love with Joe, so they were both in the same boat. That evening they consulted with the pilot, who said that the best way was to pretend to go over to the mainland to go hunting, and then turn to the southeast and go to the outlet of the lake.

Early the next morning they went on board the houseboat to go over to the mainland, and the girls were on the beach to see them off. They went over to the mainland and hunted for a while, and then got aboard again and went coasting as if in search of water fowl along the shore. At last Tom told the pilot to make for the outlet at once, and the boat moved off in that direction. Joe had his spyglass in his hand, and was looking at the island in the distance.

"There are the two girls on the beach," he said to Tom.

"Let me see," and Tom took the glass himself.

"Yes," he added, "and they are getting into a canoe."

Joe looked again a few minutes later, when he exclaimed:

"They are following us."

CHAPTER XVI.—The Indian Maidens.

The announcement that the two girls were following the houseboat in their canoes caused no little uneasiness on board. Tom was afraid that

Elk Horn would become his enemy for life, or that the whole tribe would take up arms in the belief that he had abducted the girls.

"We have got to return to the island and go away in full view of all of them," he said, "or there'll be trouble."

The pilot turned and made for the island again, and when they came up with the girls in the canoe they were at least two miles out in deep water.

"Why do you venture out in deep water in such light canoes?" Tom asked of Lalla, when they and the frail craft were taken on board.

"We wanted to go with you," was her frank reply.

"But the waves might have swamped your canoe, and then you would have gone with the fishes," he returned.

She laughed, and was too happy in his presence to think anything of the danger she had incurred. That evening Tom and Elk Horn walked together on the beach. The young brave loved him as a brother, and believed him to be the soul of honor.

"Elk Horn," he said to the young chief, "I must return to my people. I can remain with you no longer."

Elk Horn hung his head and seemed lost in thought.

"Lalla will wither and die," he said sadly. "Her heart cannot beat when the good paleface is not here to hear it. She will die. When the redmen are not destroyed by the arms of the palefaces, their maidens perish for love of them."

Tom was pained beyond expression. He did not know what reply to make. He would rather marry the girl than have her think him a villain."

Suddenly a dark form darted up to his side, and caught his hand. It was Lalla. She had been watching and listening.

"Lalla loves the paleface," she said, "and she will be his slave, to go where he goes, and to be happy when he smiles upon her. Lalla will die if he goes away and leaves her behind."

"Lalla is the most lovely of all the maidens of her tribe. They all call her the wild rose, and she is more beautiful than all the roses that ever bloomed in the forest," said Tom, taking her hand in his. "She can find braves in her tribe who will make her happy——"

She straightened herself up to her full height and flashed a pair of black eyes upon him.

"Lalla can love but once," she said, "and that love will pass away with her life. If she cannot go with the paleface she will sleep in the waters of the lake. She has spoken."

Tom thought she never seemed so beautiful as then, and he saw that she was then and there pleading for her life—that if she was not chosen death would end her existence on that very night. He could not say the words that would send her to death. He hadn't the heart to do that.

"Let Lalla's heart be glad," he said to her, "for she shall be his wife. She shall have all the love my heart can give her."

What a change came over the face of that splendid forest rose! Her eyes lit up with joy, her cheeks glowed and her bosom heaved with emotion.

"Lalla is happy—happy as the birds, and her

heart is singing with joy," and she caught his hand again, and clung to it with eager grasp.

Elk Horn grasped his hand and shook it, after which he turned away without uttering a word. Tom had engaged himself to the girl to prevent her from killing herself. Yet he would marry her if she would agree to do his bidding—which would be to go to school in Mackinaw till she could show as many accomplishments as any of her white sisters. He lost no time in explaining the matter to her, and she readily agreed to do anything that would please him. Joe and Mittimuck did not come to any such understanding. She was of a different mould from her cousin. She was jealous and fierce in her love, and when he refused to take her with him as his wife, she made an attack on him with the intention of killing him. He defended himself, and baffled her efforts to stab him, and she gave a wail of heartbroken grief, and ran into the lake. The water was not deep at the shore, so she waded out into deeper water till it was about her waist, when he ran in after her. He waded out to where she was standing, and brought her back, telling her that he would make her his wife. That was enough, and she began to sing and dance like a young girl with a new dress or doll. The next day they decided to remain a week longer there, in order to have an understanding with the old chief of the tribe about the two girls. It was a happy week to them, for they learned to love the girls, and spent many pleasant hours in their company.

But it turned out later that the Indian lovers of the two girls resolved to kidnap them, which they did and they were carried off somewhere and were not found before our friends left the vicinity on their houseboat. The boys now proceeded down Lake Michigan, and visited Chicago and Milwaukee. They made a landing at Mackinaw and visited Mr. Griggs, telling him about Ben and his father. While there a detective came into the office and arrested Griggs on the charge of counterfeiting.

Tom, on board the boat, called a police officer on board and delivered up to him the counterfeit plate, and asked him to deliver it to the United States Marshal. Scarcely had he gone when six detectives appeared, accompanied by Demas Allen and Ben, who stated that the counterfeit plate was on board of the boat. But nothing was found on board of a criminating nature. Turning to Demas and Ben, the marshal said:

"You are my prisoners. Hold up your hands!"

CHAPTER XVII.—Turning the Tables.

Demas Allen turned white as a sheet, and Ben angrily demanded to know what he had done to be arrested for.

"He is a counterfeiter, and so are you!" said the marshal, boldly.

In another minute they were both handcuffed and led off to jail, together with Tom and his comrades. The arrests created a sensation all over the country. But Tom demanded an instant hearing, and it was granted the next day. He and the others told the same story, and then the marshal and the police officer told about the plate. That settled the matter as far as they were concerned,

and they were all, including Joe, discharged from arrest. Demas Allen and Ben were held.

"Now, marshal," said Tom to that officer, "Ben Allen has a peculiarity for going back on his friends. If you will place him in a separate cell from that of his father, he will soon break down and give the whole thing dead away. I know the villain well."

During the next two or three days Tom was busy making purchases of things they would need during the voyage which they proposed making on the lakes. They bought quite a lot of books and papers to read, as they did not expect to do so much hunting and fishing as they had done up in Canada. On the third day the United States marshal came to Tom and said:

"Ben Allen has turned State's evidence against the gang in order to save himself, though he says he has never seen them making any counterfeit money."

"Will the government accept him as a witness?"

"Yes; for the reason that you can't swear the plate was ever in anybody's hands except Bowen's."

"Look here," said Tom, next morning, "Joe Griggs has not been about us since the arrest of the counterfeiters."

"Yes, I've noticed that. I wonder if he still thinks we are guilty?"

"I don't know, but I am going to see him to-day."

"Yes; see what he has to say about it."

The merchant received him very coldly, and Tom asked:

"Why have you changed in your manner toward us?"

"Because I have reason to believe all of you to be a bad crowd," he replied.

"That is very strange. You have the reputation of being a reputable man, Mr. Griggs. Ben Allen came here and told you his side of the story, and notice of our arrival was sent out from your store. The tables are turned, and it seems that the Allens, your friends, are the guilty ones. You still bear us ill-will. When the public hear of that you will be suspected of being in some way connected with them."

"Me connected with counterfeiters! Young man, you don't know me."

"I was introduced to you by one of the gang, and——"

"That's one of the reasons why I am suspicious of you," said the merchant, interrupting him.

"Mr. Griggs, if you have any reasons for suspecting us, and will not give us the chance to clear ourselves in your mind, you owe it to Barnes & Co. to tell them."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, sir. It is none of my business who Barnes Co. employ to sell goods for them."

"Well, I shall deem it my duty to tell them my reasons for suspecting you of being in league with the counterfeiters, and shall do so," and Tom looked him full in the face as he made the remark.

Griggs turned white in the face, and for some moments did not make any reply.

"If you want my reasons for suspecting you, I

will give them to you, Mr. Griggs," added Tom with a coolness that staggered the merchant.

"I don't want to hear them," said Griggs. "Just leave my store and don't enter it again."

"Good-day, sir," said Tom, making a polite bow as he turned away.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Conclusion.

On leaving Mackinaw they went straight for Lake Michigan, and cruised among the islands in the upper part of that magnificent body of water. They found fish and game plentiful, and the weather delightful. On the third day out they found a pleasure yacht on fire and hastened to render assistance. The yawl of the yacht was consumed almost the first thing; hence, there was no way of escape for the people on board unless to swim.

The houseboat ran up to within fifty yards of the burning yacht, and lowered the rowboat to go to their assistance.

Tom was on board the rowboat. When half way to the yacht, two women, screaming, with dresses on fire, sprang into the water.

He plunged in, too, and swam to their assistance. He got to them—one a middle-aged lady and the other about twenty years old.

"Keep cool, ladies," he said, as he caught hold of them, "and we'll soon have you safe on board our boat."

The rowboat came to his assistance and took the mother in.

"Now, save the others," he said, "and we'll go to the boat by ourselves."

"I can swim," said the young lady.

"But hardly with your dress on," he said. "Allow me to assist you. Just catch hold of my collar and we'll soon reach the boat."

She was cool and self-possessed as he was, and in a little while they were at the boat and drawn in by the pilot.

"Dear me, I haven't saved a thing save what I have on my back," she said. "But I don't care, if nobody is lost. There comes papa. Oh, I am so glad nobody has been lost!"

"How many were on board?" Tom asked.

"Mamma, papa, myself and the three men who run the yacht, six in all."

The others were brought on board. Mr. Danhauser, the owner of the yacht, was very profuse in his thanks for the service that had been rendered him and his family.

"As your yawl was burned, we would have all drowned but for your timely assistance," he said.

"I am very glad we were near enough to aid you," said Tom. "How did the yacht catch fire?"

"I don't know; the engineer may be able to explain it. I live in Milwaukee. We have been cruising for two weeks."

"We have been out two months. We live in New York City," and Tom introduced his companions to the family.

"I am sorry we have no dry clothing for the ladies," he added. "But we can give them our stateroom and berths, where they can sleep and rest till the steward dries their clothing."

"A thousand thanks. Can you take us to Milwaukee?"

"Yes, and with pleasure."

The ladies retired to the berths, and their clothing was given to the steward, who had them dry in a couple of hours.

The pilot started for Milwaukee, and did not stop till he reached there a little before daylight in the morning. The brewer went on shore and got a carriage, and took his wife and daughter home, inviting Tom and the others to call at his house in the evening.

Teresa Danhauser was a beautiful girl, and Tom had fallen in love with her at first sight.

In the evening they all four called at the brewer's residence and were received with a cordiality that pleased them beyond measure.

When they parted that evening Tom and Teresa were madly in love with each other.

The boat remained a week in Milwaukee, and during that time the young people saw each other every evening.

They finally left Milwaukee and went to Chicago, where they spent another week among friends in the city.

"We have had ninety days of as fine a vacation any man ever enjoyed," said Tom, "and I am so much pleased with it that I am willing to invest \$500 in the boat."

"So am I," said the others, and they then and there chipped in and bought it.

Demas Allen made a hard fight in the courts, and had able lawyers to defend him. But Ben, in order to save himself, went back on the gang of counterfeiters and practically corroborated every charge Tom and the others made against them. As for Ben himself, no man ever received such an excoriation from the lawyers and the press as he did. But freedom was so sweet to him that he bore it all that he might keep outside of prison walls. As soon as the cases were ended he disappeared, and was never heard of by his former friends again.

Once more on the road for the great house of Barnes & Company, the four young drummers sold more goods than ever before in a single season. They also had more stories of adventure to tell than any other travelers, and armed with newspaper clippings to corroborate them all, the liars were knocked out completely.

Tom managed to get the Chicago route, which had once been Ben Allen's exclusive field, and when he reached Milwaukee he did not fail to call on the fair Teresa Danhauser. He was welcomed by both parents and daughter.

Being a pushing fellow, he laid siege to Teresa's affections, and succeeded in winning them. She promised to marry him in the spring in time to go out on another vacation trip. Her father gave his consent on being assured by Barnes & Company that Tom was all right.

"We'll cling to the old houseboat," said Charlie and Joe.

So they are making ready to go on another trip, and the steward is overhauling things in the kitchen and pantry. The houseboat is now known all round the lakes, and counterfeiters dread the very mention of her. One and all wish her bon voyage.

Next week's issue will contain "THE DARK SONS OF IRELAND; or, PLOTTING UNDER THE SHANNON WATER."

CURRENT NEWS

A SINGULAR INCIDENT

An avalanche sweeping across the Bourg d'Oisans road near Rochetailee, France, left a huge block of ice in which was incased the body of a wild boar. When thawed out the meat was found to be excellently preserved and the villagers enjoyed a feast.

EXCLUSIVE AUTO COLORS

No privately owned automobile in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, may be painted red or white. These colors are used exclusively by the city for its municipal cars. All the ambulances are white, and the fire department's machines are red, to make it easy for the traffic policeman to distinguish these cars, which have the right of way.

ALASKA'S LOST LAKES

More of Alaska's lost lakes have been discovered. During the flight of the round-the-world

flyers from Ketchikan to Seward, bodies of water were frequently sighted but not charted in the latest and most authentic map of the territory. Lieut. Lowell H. Smith, now leader of the expedition spent several days at Dutch Harbor jotting down new waters the flyers saw from the air.

Tales of interior lakes are constantly brought in by trappers and prospectors. Near Short Bay last summer, a lake four and one-half miles long was discovered within five miles of a settlement. Aerial mail carrier Elison Elman passed over a large body of inland water—then a sheet of ice—near Tanana, in March, which was not shown on the last map.

It is now the intention of the forestry service to use a seaplane during the summer to make a series of aerial photographs of the coast line from Ketchikan to Seward, with a view of checking up on the lakes, rivers and islands, compared to present day maps.

Please Take Notice!

A great many readers of this publication who like good snappy detective stories are buying "MYSTERY MAGAZINE," so why don't you? No. 160 is out on the newsstands and contains the splendid novelette by JACK BECHDOLT,

"THE SHADOW OF A NOOSE"

It is full of adventure and shrewd detective work.

Then, There Are Six Short Stories

"TRAPPED BY MICROPHONE," by Harry Enton; "TRICKS OF THE NIGHT," by Jas. W. Eagan; "AS IN A GLASS DARKLY," by Crittenden Marriott; "CAUGHT IN HIS OWN NET," by Ernest Phillips; "THE DEVIL'S BLOOD PEARL," by Arthur S. Witt; "THE BROWN BAG," by St. George Rathborne.

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In addition to all this there are the following articles in "MYSTERY MAGAZINE," all of special interest: "NEW WAY OF SWINDLING TRAVELERS," "THE CRIMINAL LAWYER AND THE BURGLARS," "WOMEN HOLD-UP A JAIL," and "A MAIL THIEF WALKS AWAY."

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CHAPTER II.

What Jack Saw Saturday Night.

His home was five blocks distant from the saloon.

Men were coming in for drinks and cigars after their evening meal.

He sold many cigars, taking the trouble of that department off the barkeeper altogether.

Later in the evening quite a number of young men came in.

Some of them were quite boisterous. Jack knew every one of them by sight, and they knew him well.

Some called him by name and asked him if he was learning to be a barkeeper.

"No, my business is to sell cigars," and he sold them rapidly.

During the entire evening he was watching everything going on in the place.

The proprietor never went behind the bar unless there were more men in front of it than the barkeeper could attend to. He walked about the room, greeting old friends and others that came in with a pleasant cordiality that made each one feel at home. He had a smile for every one, was ready to crack jokes with them, answer all sorts of questions and listen to bits of news.

Jack was quick to see that he was really an attraction to the place. Everybody liked him and seemed glad to shake hands with him.

Occasionally Hutchings would take a small drink of liquor with some of the oldest citizens. He was an inveterate smoker and had a cigar in his mouth continually.

If any of the customers became boisterous he would simply look at them, as if wondering what was the matter with them.

As the evening grew late men came in more or less intoxicated, but they seemed to understand the difference between that saloon and the others down in the vicinity of the mill.

Checkers and domino games were indulged in at the half score of tables around the room.

Sometimes calls came from the tables for more beer.

The barkeeper, being busy, would fill the glasses corresponding to the number at the table, place them on a waiter, and beckon to Jack to carry them to the table and bring back the empty glasses.

He did it unhesitatingly, for the drinkers were all respectable men.

Finally two old bums came in with bleared eyes, unkempt and dirty.

Hutchings very quickly motioned them to leave the place, and they went out without saying a word.

That night a little ten-year-old boy came in. His clothes were clean, but patched in many places. He went right up to Hutchings and said:

"Mr. Hutchings, mother sent me here to tell you that father has been sick for a month, and that we were starving and would you please help her out a little bit."

Hutchings knew the lad and knew his father.

He pulled a five-dollar bill out of his pocket, placed it in the lad's hand and remarked:

"Give that to your mother, and tell her that there is more where that came from if she needs it."

Jack took it all in. He was gifted with a marvelous memory, and whatever he saw or heard he never forgot.

The law was that every saloon in the town should close up promptly at twelve o'clock; so, when the hands of the clock pointed to midnight, the place was closed up, and, though there were several customers in the place, not another drink could they get.

Jack looked at the barkeeper, who had not exchanged half a dozen words with him the whole evening. He nodded his head and said:

"You may go home, now, Jack."

He put on his hat and passed out the side door and returned home.

It was seldom that he had been out so late before, but the streets were well lighted.

He unlocked the back door and went into his room and retired as quietly as possible to prevent waking his mother and sisters.

She prepared an early breakfast for him, for there were many customers who dropped in to get a smoke on their way to work, and he was in his place promptly.

He was surprised at the number of men who came in for drinks so early in the morning. Business men, and a few well-to-do workmen, all seemed to think they couldn't do business without starting off with a good drink.

Thus it went on until the end of the week, and when he started home for his supper on Saturday evening he said to Hutchings:

"Mr. Hutchings, mother has to do her shopping for Sunday to-night. I don't know anything about your rules for paying your employees, but if you could let me have my wages now instead of at midnight, I would appreciate it."

"Why, certainly, Jack," and he told the barkeeper to give him five dollars.

When he handed it to his mother at the supper table, she remarked:

"Jack, this is really a godsend. I have worked hard all the week, and hardly half my patrons have paid me for it. They put me off."

"Well, I'll be sure to get my pay regularly every Saturday evening, mother; so don't worry. Mr. Hutchings is a good, kind-hearted man. He seems to be a friend to everybody, and I really like him. All the objection I have to the place is that I have to work until midnight. It isn't hard work, but it keeps me confined from half-past six in the morning until midnight."

He hurried back to the saloon, and it being Saturday night, quite a number of respectable workmen came in with part of their wages in their pockets.

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

STORAGE CONDITIONS AFFECT GLASS

The Bureau of Standards has recently conducted a series of tests to ascertain the best conditions under which bottles and other articles of glass may be stored. Glass bottles were stored under varying conditions for a period of six months, after which they were examined. It was found that a dry room of even temperature gave better results than either the open air or a humid room, the latter causing the bottles to scum. Bottles wrapped in thin fiber board boxes were in better condition than those packed in open crates, while those wrapped tightly in paper were in worse condition than those not wrapped at all. Cork or paper stoppers did not prevent scumming, but rubber stoppers almost eliminated it.

COOL DARING

Four lions attacked a herd of cattle on a farm at Romsey, South Africa, says a news item in the Rhodesia Herald. The herdboys were standing on an ant heap, examining a pair of boots he had got the day previous, when he heard a low growl near him. On looking up, he saw that three lions had got hold of three cows, while another lion stood looking on. The boy pulled off his boots and threw them at the nearest lion, and then made a rush for them with a stick, shouting at the same time at the top of his voice to another herdboys to bring a gun. In the meantime two lions had got their cows down, but, nothing daunted, the Kafir made a rush for them, and the lions moved away from their prey. The boy then rounded up his cattle (he had 108 head), and while he was doing so had to chase the lions away several times; when he was at one side, the lions would try to catch the cattle on the other. However, he brought all his cattle safely home. Since then one of the cows has died, the claw of a lion having penetrated her lung. For cool daring, it would be hard to beat the chasing of four lions single handed, and with no weapon except a pair of boots and a stick.

INTERESTING ITEMS

Many of the Sandwich Island widows have their husbands' names tattooed on their tongues.

Some of the cats in Liberia, Africa, are of a bright-red tint, and they are very conspicuous in the moonlight.

The Angora goat furnishes most of the hair which adorns ordinary dolls. This product is valued at \$40,000,000 a year.

It is stated that from the mouth to the source of the Rhine 725 castles, formerly the homes of warlike chiefs, are to be found overlooking its waters.

The swiftest dog in the world, the Russian wolfhound, has made record runs that show 24 yards to the second, while the gazelle has shown measured speed of more than 27 yards a second.

In Melbourne no Sunday papers are permitted and no hotels are allowed to open their bars.

A Frenchman has invented a machine for dealing cards that is said to make misdeals impossible.

The first steam fire engine was made in 1829 in London from the designs of Capt. John Ericsson, the designer of the Monitor. The fire engine was a failure.

The Grand Waterfalls at Labrador are the highest in the world, rising to a height of 2,000 feet. Those of Niagara are but 164 feet at their highest point.

In a billiard room in Paris is a billiard table made of glass. It is much more difficult to make a shot upon it than upon the ordinary baize-covered table.

In the sandy deserts of Arabia whirling winds some times excavate pits two hundred feet in depth, extending down to the harder stratum on which the great bed of sand rests.

Some of the women of Siam intrust their children to the care of the elephant nurses, and it is said the trust is never betrayed. The babies play about the huge feet of the elephants, who are very careful never to hurt their little charges.

The metallic threads used in the gold and silver tinsel brocades now popular for women's gowns and wraps are so fine, say fabric experts, that they run over 20,000 yards, or more than eleven miles, to the pound.

A carpenter who has to insert a screw in hard wood pushes the screw first straight into a lump of soap. This makes it easy to screw into the wood. Soap is much better than oil, as the latter is so quickly absorbed by the wood that this swells and the screw jams.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

A WASHER STOPS SCRAPING

If a dial has a tendency to scrape the panel, put a washer cut from blotting paper between the two and the noise will stop.

AMMETER VS. VOLTMETER

An ammeter should never be used to test storage batteries or "B" batteries. For dry cells the ammeter is the only thing that will give an accurate notation of the condition of the cell, but it should not be left connected to the battery more than a few seconds. The ammeter acts as a good short-circuiting instrument for any battery and will therefore bring down the life of the batteries considerably.

NEW RADIO REGULATION

The Department of Commerce has issued the following radio regulation:

"During the daylight saving period, or from May 1 to Oct. 1, 1924, all general, restricted and special amateur transmitting stations are required to observe a silent period from 7 P. M. to 10:30 P. M., local standard time, or from 8 P. M. to 11:30 P. M., daylight saving time, and on Sundays during church services."

DISTRESS SIGNALS

Few radio listeners know that behind the scenes in the broadcasting station there is stationed a licensed code operator whose only duty in the period the station is on the air is to listen in for distress signals. While music and addresses are going out from an adjoining room he sits at a receiving set tuned to 600 meters, the wavelength of ship and coast stations. At the first signal of distress he notifies the engineer in charge and the broadcasting stops at once and the air left free for unobstructed transmission of S. O. S. signals.

KEEP GROUND LEADS SHORT

Rules for the erection of outdoor aerials, as suggested by Electrical Merchandising, are as follows:

Ground leads should be short and need not be insulated unless of great length. Aerials or leads should not run parallel to power or light lines or near to grounded surfaces, such as tin roofs, conduit or water pipes.

Lead-in insulated wires should be water-tight, or slope outside to prevent rain from running along the wire to the set. Never install aerial or lead wires inside of conduit or other conducting material, even though insulated from it.

HERE'S A WIRING HINT

Do not use a great number of small short pieces of wire to connect from instrument to instrument in your set, with frequent soldered connections.

Take a long strip of bus bar or plain copper wire and start at one instrument, put the wire through the binding post, run it to the next instrument, and through the binding post, and so on. You can sometimes run half-way around

the set with one strand of wire, with no breaks, good contacts, and the minimum of soldering. This will reduce the resistance of the wiring in your set and save the annoyance of broken soldered connections.

LIGHTNING AND THE ANTENNA

Another fall, winter and good part of the spring have rolled by and we are back to summer days and electric storms, which are the curse of radio. At the first sign of warm weather many radio enthusiasts proceed to take down their antennae, for fear of the lightning hazard. Yet according to Dr. J. H. Dellinger, chief of the radio laboratory of the Bureau of Standards the lightning hazard is practically nil. Only for outside antennae need lightning protection be considered at all, he says. "It is very simple. A small and cheap device called a lightning arrester should be connected between the antenna and the ground wire on receiving sets. An antenna is no more likely to bring lightning into a house or apartment than are overhead telephone or electric light wires. The principal hazard from antennae is from stringing outdoor antennae over or near electric wires. A number of persons have met death by electrocution from this cause."

MAKING RUBBER PANELS

A hard rubber panel is composed of the best plantation rubber, to which various other substances have been added, the chief among them the sulphur necessary for vulcanization.

The best grades contain very little rubber. Cheaper grades contain very little rubber, are quite brittle, and are often poor insulators.

The rubber is first ground between rollers, to change it into a smooth and plastic state. The other substances are then ground in with it.

The rubber is then rolled into a sheet; several of these sheets are placed one upon another and again rolled until they attain the thickness of the finished sheet.

The surface of this sheet is then coated with tinfoil, to give the necessary gloss to it. The sheets are next placed in a rectangular frame and put into a steam-heated press, where they are vulcanized.

The frames are then removed from the press and the tinfoil removed, and the sheets are ready for use.

As the sulphur combines to a certain extent with the tinfoil a metallic film is formed over the surface of the rubber. To avoid surface leakage this should be removed by going over it with sandpaper until all the gloss is gone. Emery papers should not be used for this purpose. It should then be given a coat of olive oil and gone over with a finer grade of sandpaper until the desired finish is secured.

The panel should be rubbed with a dry cloth until all traces of oil have been removed. The panel is then ready for use.

Probably one of the best insulators known suitable for panels is hard rubber. It is easily cut and drilled, and if a good grade is used, it

will not become green with age, and unless exposed to excessive temperatures and sunlight, it will not warp.

RADIO RADIATION

The radiating properties of single circuit regenerative receivers are well known, and much has been printed about these sets and how much trouble they cause. Now it cannot be expected that every owner of a single circuit will immediately throw his outfit out upon being informed of its obnoxiousness. He is only willing to make slight changes at first. Then, after a while, he will without doubt discard it entirely in favor of a better type of receiver.

The "aerial coil" is, in most cases, the primary of a variocoupler, while the "tickler" is the secondary.

Now the extra coil next to the primary consists of about fifty turns of No. 24 or 26 single cotton covered wire wound directly over the free end of the primary. The winding can be bunched so as to occupy not more than an inch or so of space. Across the ends is connected a variable condenser of .0005 mfd. This is the size of the average twenty-three plate instrument.

The additional circuit formed by the coil and condenser performs practically the same function as the isolated trap circuit does in the Cockaday four circuit tuner.

It provides a good control of the regenerative action, and in most cases will prevent the set from spilling into sudden oscillation. It is this action which causes whistles in other receiving sets.

CLEAN AERIAL AND INSULATORS

Be sure to overhaul your aerial for summer. This is especially good advice if your antenna was erected during the winter time or last fall and has gone for six months or more without attention.

If it was erected during disagreeable weather the probabilities are that you did not spend as much time in erecting it as you would have had it been more moderate weather. The winter storms may have loosened up one of the support masts or broken a guy wire.

The wire has undoubtedly become very dirty from a deposit of soot and other impurities. The insulators will be black with soot that has fallen on them when they were wet and subsequently dried. Soot contains a high percentage of carbon and carbon is a partial conductor.

This coating of carbon forms a high resistance leak over the insulator and will allow some of the radio currents to find their way to ground rather than your receiver. Carefully wipe your insulators off with a damp cloth. Examine the surface for cracks which are usually indicated by a dark line if the insulator is composed of porcelain.

If your insulators are of the short type it might be well to string several along in series in place of one. This will give you a considerable greater factor of safety as far as leakage of energy is concerned. The best insulators are the long skinny type of those provided with petticoat flanges.

In buying new insulators accept nothing but the best. If you are considering porcelain insulators try the ink test before making a selection.

Place a drop of red or blue ink on the surface, let it remain a moment, and then wash off. If the ink soaks into the porcelain readily do not take that type. Water will be absorbed as readily as ink and this type of insulator will not give satisfaction.

COMBINATION SINGLE CIRCUIT REGENERATIVE RECEIVER

How often have you wished that you could go back to the crystal detector and listen in to the local stations instead of running down the perfectly good batteries?

The single circuit regenerative receiver is made selective by the addition of variable condenser across the rotor coil, which also serves the purpose of tuning the secondary of the crystal detector circuit.

The beauty of this circuit is that one may use the crystal and then the tube without removing the phones to another set of binding posts. When the tube is used the cat's whisker is just removed from the crystal and the circuit is ready for DX. When using the crystal just turn off the rheostat and adjust the crystal detector to the sensitive spot. The telephone receivers always remain in the circuit.

The aerial series condenser may be of the 43 or 23 plate type. The coupler may be of the new 180-degree type, which will be found to work best with the regenerative end of the circuit, although a 90-degree coupler will serve the purpose. The rotor condenser need not be large. One of about .00025 or 23 plates is sufficient to cover all wave lengths between 200 meters and 560 meters.

The crystal detector may be mounted on the front of the plate. Several types of crystal should be tried before deciding on the best one. Do not try to use fixed crystals in this hookup, as they will short circuit the secondary coil and the tube will not function properly. Should the builder insist on using a fixed crystal, a switch must be placed in series with the crystal so that it may be thrown off when the tube is burning. Don't forget the .001 mica-fixed condenser across the phones and B battery negative. This will give more power to the tube set.

The whole set may be on a 7 by 18 panel. It will have three dials for control, namely, antenna condenser, secondary condenser and tickler coil. Five or six switch contact points may be connected to the front of the panel to vary the primary wave length.

In tuning this outfit for tube operation first adjust the aerial condenser to about 90 degrees, and then move the switch contact points up so as to include all of the coil in the circuit. Move the tickler dial slowly back and forth; try to prevent violent squeals. Readjust the aerial condenser. If tuning appears broad, adjust the tickler or secondary condenser. Most all of the tuning will be done with the aerial condenser and the tickler coil.

The crystal set tuning will be somewhat the same except that the regeneration will be absent, and the secondary coil position will govern the selectivity. In case the tickler coil does not give regeneration, reverse the leads to the terminals.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, JULY 2, 1924

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

A "SAND-LIBRARY."

In the Structural Materials Library of the Lewis Institute, Chicago, there is a special "library" consisting of 2,800 bottles of sand. It has taken ten years to make the collection, which is said to contain specimens from every State in the Union and from many foreign countries. The purpose has been to make tests to determine the values for cement and mortar work and to have the findings on record.

STRANGE PHONE TROUBLE

The telephone trouble man tells the tale of a country line that was mysteriously out of order for two hours every afternoon. It was generally the same two hours and day after day the line was "out of order," with indications that some one had a receiver off. An investigation by the repair men disclosed that an old lady was using the telephone receiver in those two hours for a darning egg.

OLD AUTOS FOR DIKES

Shreveport, La., has found a new use for junked motor cars. The Red River is cutting away its banks and threatens valuable industrial property. Construction of permanent dikes has been delayed by high water. Temporary relief has been secured by sinking 2,000 discarded automobiles to hold the banks from being washed away.

HISTORIC PRAIRIE ROCK

At one time the name of "Lieut. Robert E. Lee, U. S. A.," was plainly inscribed, cut in the base of the main rock of Pawnee Rock by the great Confederate General when he was a Lieutenant in the Regular Army, out here on the plains of Kansas, fighting Indians.

But the name is no longer there. John Lindas, who settled on a soldier claim just south of here in January, 1874, says the name was very conspicuous on the big rock then.

"I intended to cut out the portion of the rock containing the signature of General Lee and send

it to the State Historical Society," said Mr. Lindas. "But before I got around to it the name had been effaced, probably by some over-zealous partisan of the North, the bitterness of the Civil War, which had closed scarce nine years before, still holding the nation in its grasp at that time."

Mr. Lindas says the historic Pawnee Rock was much higher than at the present time, though even when he came a part of the highest point of the rock had been blasted away by the railroad contractors to furnish stone for the railroad bridge abutments.

At the time he settled on his claim the face of the great Pawnee Rock was covered with hundreds of names, carved in the soft sandstone. Among the number were names of famous plainsmen and soldiers who had traveled the Santa Fe Trail. One of the earliest dates on the rock was 1825, back to the very beginning of the Santa Fe Trail.

LAUGHS

"And has this famous doctor cured your friend of the hallucination that she was sick?" "Oh, completely. She's really sick now."

Buttons—Get up! Get up! The hotel's afire!
 Scottish Gentleman—Richt, laddie; but if I do, mind ye, I'll no pay for the bed.

Binks—Timmins seems like a very unassuming little fellow. Jinks—Yes. Timmins is the sort of chap who digs trenches for other men to fight in.

Bobbie's mother had just taken out her winter garments. "Ma," said the observant little fellow, "what did moths live on before Adam and Eve wore clothes?"

Grubb—I think your boy will become a very distinguished man, if he lives long enough. "Yes! What do you think he will be distinguished for?" "Longevity."

Producer—There isn't a laugh in your play. Author—I saw one man in the house laughing. Producer—That's the junk man; he's waiting outside to make you an offer.

"Do you not believe, my friend," said the long-haired party, "that the only way for a man to succeed is to throw himself into his work?" "Well, I can't say that I do," said the other man. "You see, I am a builder of iron jails."

Johnny—What made you run away from Bill Slutthers? You was afraid of him—that's what's the matter. Tommy—No, I wasn't, neither. If we'd fought, I'd a-licked him, and then my ma'd a-licker me. That's what I run away for—so!

Briggs—We are coming around to see you this evening. Griggs—That's right; but do me a favor, old man. Don't let your wife wear her new fall suit; I don't want my wife to see it just now. Briggs—Why, man alive, that's just why we are coming.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

A QUIET THIEF

A well-dressed, derby-hatted young man entered a cigar store at Columbus Circle and Eighth Avenue, held up Louis Snyder, the clerk, and departed with \$750.

Being something of a character analyst, Snyder at first felt assured that the visitor was either an actor or a college professor. But after purchasing a package of cigarettes and just as the cash register had been run open to make change the man calmly produced a pistol and ordered Louis to put up his hands. The clerk thought this a joke and laughed.

"Do you want the tens and fives separated, and would you care for the silver?" asked the clerk, who said he couldn't help being facetious on account of the mild appearance of his visitor.

"Yes, I want the silver. I want everything," the robber said. "And I want it quick."

In an attempt to delay, Snyder dropped a handful of quarters on the floor. Some of them rolled around in front of the counter at the feet of the hold-up man.

"Never mind trying to pick them up," the man cautioned. "I'll get all that come to my side. Leave the rest."

No one came in and Snyder had to hand over the \$750 in bills and silver. As the robber started out he said in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone:

"Now, I'm going and if you try to follow you'll get in trouble. I mean business."

Snyder watched him go out the door and put down his hands. The man quickly came back.

"I told you to keep them up," he said. "Now, I don't want to have to warn you again."

Snyder kept them up until two customers came in a few minutes later. The robber got everything except a few quarters that remained on the floor.

GULLS OF LITTLE DUCK ISLAND

For years unreckoned Little Duck Island has been the exclusive home and breeding ground of great numbers of seagulls. This is an island less than a square mile in area, which lies off the coast of Maine about fifteen miles out to sea from Mount Desert. There is no human habitation on the island, and there is ordinarily no occasion for any human visitor to make his appearance. Hence the gulls have come to acquire what they evidently consider a proprietary right in the island, and they naturally resent any invasion of their sacred precincts.

This is especially true during the nesting season, for then the gulls give their undivided attention to rearing their young, and in the pursuance of those eminently private and peculiarly precious duties they are more than usually sensitive about being disturbed. Our visit happened to be in that season, and hence the flood of invectives with which we were greeted.

The island is quite low, roughly circular in outline, very rocky and covered with a thick growth of scrub spruce, low bushes and rank grass. There are no foot paths or trails, and it is not

always an easy matter to make one's way through the dense vegetation. The gulls' nests are scattered abundantly over the island. They are placed in all sorts of positions—hidden in the deep grass, on the open rocks, under some protecting root, in the shadow of a boulder—but never, so far as observed, in the trees.

Under certain conditions, it is said, gulls will build their nests in trees, probably for reasons of better protection; but the gulls seem to consider that the remoteness of this island assures them of sufficient protection, so that they do not need to take refuge in trees. We saw no nest which could properly be said to be "built." Usually the nest consisted merely of a hollow in the grass, a depression in a clump of moss or a slight ring of seaweed.

One thing was quite noticeable; the nests were never clustered together, as is the habit with some maritime birds, but they were invariably separated one from another by a considerable space, as if each mother gull was insistent upon having a certain area all to herself. In fact, we saw several instances where one gull unwittingly trespassed upon the domain of another and was vigorously driven off.

The gulls on Little Duck Island all belong to the single species known as the American herring gull—the commonest one out of the forty or more which are found in North America. We noticed that all the adult birds were in full plumage—pure white, with the "gull-blue" mantle over back and wing. Not a single bird in mottled dusky and white plumage, characteristic of the immature birds, was seen.

It takes three years for the herring gull to reach its perfection of plumage, and we concluded that these adolescent gulls had been advised that their company was not desired on the island. Where they were keeping themselves at this period was something of a conundrum, for nowhere along the Maine coast did we see any of these immature birds until much later in the season.

Gulls are fertile in resource and will sometimes adopt methods of securing food which are quite unbirdlike. For instance, they are fond of shellfish, but the shell of a clam or mussel is too hard for a gull's bill to penetrate. Realizing this, the gull will seize a clam and fly up to a height of thirty or forty feet and then let the clam drop, hoping that it will strike a rock and get broken. If this result does not follow the first attempt, the experiment will be repeated. One observer tells how he saw this proceeding repeated twenty times before the shell was broken sufficiently for the bird to devour its contents.

Gulls are often quarrelsome, jealous, selfish and morally deficient in various respects—like certain other bipeds which might be named—but a good deal may be overlooked in view of their limited education and lack of opportunities for moral training. They are fulfilling a valuable, though humble, mission in the scheme for the world's betterment, and fully merit the consideration which is now everywhere accorded them.—Herbert Gleason in *Boston Transcript*.

PLUCK AND LUCK

ITEMS OF INTEREST

STATE PARKS INCREASE

City parks and national parks are well enough known; now enters the State park, which in popularity bids fair to rival its older park sisters. The forthcoming national conference on State parks, at Gettysburg, Pa., will emphasize the rapidly multiplying uses of these State reservations.

Many visitors are expected to attend the conference, both because of the varied program touching upon so many phases of outdoor life, and also because the conference is meeting at one of the most famous battle fields of modern times, notable for its memorials to the men of both the North and the South who fell there, and also for the scenic beauty of the panorama of knolls and hillsides that form the Gettysburg State Reservation.

The rapid growth of these parks makes the slogan "a park every hundred miles" seem not so impossible as it sounds. Twenty-six States now have their own park system, and these parks range from the vast Adirondack Park in New York State with more than three million acres to the one acre sand bar in the Connecticut River which is Dart Island State Park of Connecticut.

Michigan leads all the States in the number of its State owned parks, with thirty such reservations. Connecticut, though one of the smallest States, is second, with twenty-five parks. Then come New York, with twenty-two parks; Minnesota, with seventeen; Pennsylvania, with fourteen, while Iowa, with its thirteen reservations, to which it invites tourists to repair "from prairieland to fairyland," is the leader of the State park movement in the middle West.

Havens for the tourist are offered in increasing numbers of the State parks. Some of them offer camping places for the entire vacation period. In Wisconsin the city dweller can rent an island for a nominal sum and play Swiss Family Robinson. Many of the best known State parks embody world renowned scenic features, notably Niagara Falls.

COPPER COINS FOR MELTING POT

Tons of copper pennies—in fact, 233 tons of them—with thousands in the lot more than 100 years old, have arrived from Amsterdam to find an inglorious end to their long career in a New Jersey smelting company's plant.

The pennies for the most part are from the islands of the Dutch East Indies. Some of them are so old that the inscription on them is no longer distinguishable, but a large number bearing the year "1790" have been discovered in the great bags filled with the coppers and thousands are more than a century old.

Brought over to this country by a metal company on lower Broadway, according to Mr. Van Aken of the Netherlands Chamber of Commerce, the pennies were collected by the Government of Holland about ten or twelve years ago, when all coins before a certain date were recalled and new coins given in their place. In the old

days, Dr. Van Aken pointed out, the Dutch Government permitted all its possessions in the Indies to use their own money, and it is part of this collection that was recently sold to the metal company.

There are, according to an official of the company, approximately 300,000 of the pennies to the one. After they are melted down the metal, which is said to be practically pure copper, will sell for around \$250 a ton, or \$58,250 for some 69,900,000 of the coins. In normal times, however it takes two and a half of these coins to equal in value 1 cent of United States money.

This is the second lot of coins from Holland brought over by this metal company. The first lots which arrived several weeks ago contained 250 tons. A little mathematics will reveal that in all there were about 143,300,000 pennies brought here.

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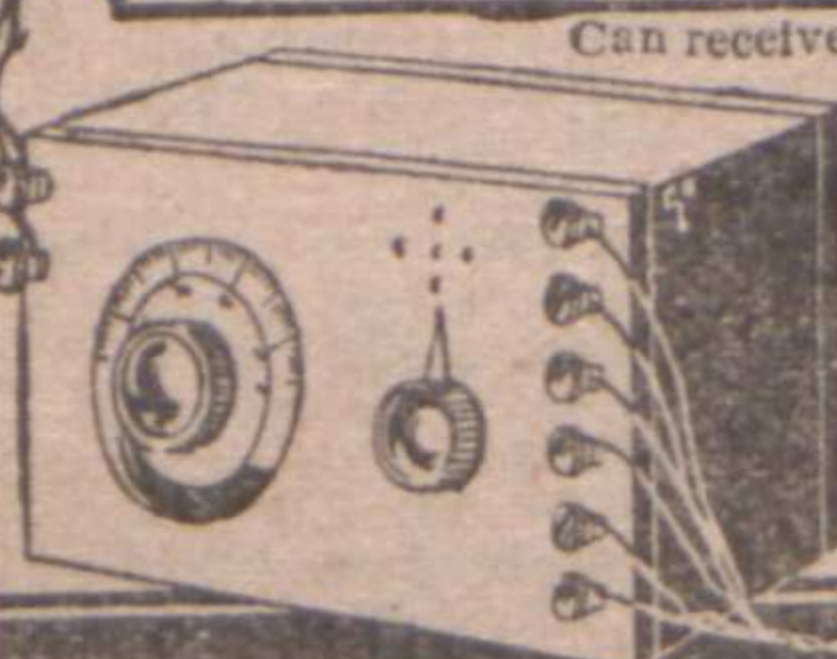
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